

STRANGE

ADVENTURES



Illustration by [illegible]

1-

QUEER - UNCANNY - SUPER NATURAL

"Two weeks ago I bought a 'Joan the Wad' and to-day I have from GEM 10s. Please send me more."

—R.C., Toulon, S. Wales.

Extract from "Everybody's Favorite Shop," 1911.



JOAN THE WAD

is the

LUCKY CORNISH FISKEY

who

SEES ALL, HEARS ALL, DOES ALL

JOAN THE WAD is Queen of the Lucky Cornish Fiskeys. Thousands of persons all over the world claim that Joan the Wad has brought them Wonderful Luck in the way of Health, Wealth and Happiness.

HISTORY FREE FOR A STAMP

If you will send me your name and address and a 1d. stamp and a stamped addressed envelope for reply, I will send you a History of the Cornish Fiskey Fads, and the marvellous successes they accomplish. JOAN THE WAD is the Queen of the Lucky Cornish Fiskeys, and with whom good luck and good health always attend.

AN HEALER

One lady writes: "My sister suffered very badly for years, but since I gave her a Joan the Wad to keep near her she is much better. Do you think this is due to Joan or the Water from the Lucky well?"

AN LUCK BRINGER

Another writes: "Since the Wad my wife and I have been blessed by persistent ill-luck, and we started to be sinking lower and lower. One day someone sent us a Joan the Wad. We have never found out who it was, but, coincidently if you like, within a week I got a much better job and my wife had some money left her. Since then we have never looked back and, needless to say, owe it to 'Queen Joan'!"

AN MATCHMAKER

A young girl brought me word that she had scores of boy friends, but it was not until she had visited Cornwall and taken Joan back with her that she met the boy of her dreams, and as they got better acquainted she discovered he was her "Joan the Wad."

AN PRIZEWINNER

A young man wrote me only last week: "For two years I secured companions without luck, but since getting Joan the Wad I have frequently been successful, although I have not won a big prize, but I know that —, who was £1,000 to a competition, has now, because I gave it him. When he won he £2,000 he gave me £100 for myself, so you see I have come to know 'Queen Joan'!"

AN SPECULATOR

A man writes: "I had some shares that for several years I couldn't get away. They were 1/2 shares, and all of a sudden they went up in the market to 15s. I happened to be staring at Joan the Wad. Pure imagination, you may say, but I thought I saw her wink approvingly. I sold out, converted the money at greater profit and have prospered ever since."

*All you have to do is to send a 1d. stamp and a stamped
addressed envelope for the history to*

102, JOAN'S COTTAGE, LANIVET, BODMIN

CONTENTS

FUGITIVE ON VENUS —By Lester K. Hawkins

(Benson, a beautiful machine, made a break from Greater Pen — and in his machine he traded himself through space to Venus, taking with him Professor Symphon's beautiful daughter, Leta . . .)

MARY HAD A LITTLE . . . —By M. Wesley Jones

(A obviously funny story about the thing that followed Mary about, a thing from another dimension. A story with an unusual ending. . . by the author of "Look of Doom")

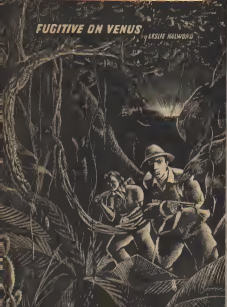
SPACE HOPPO & DEARY —By Eric Adams

(The space hoppers had some strange stories to tell. And this is one of the strangest . . .)

If you have enjoyed reading "AMAZING ADVENTURES" you can obtain the complete magazine at most bookstores. "FUTURISTIC WHEELS" contains many gripping yarns from the pens of the above authors.

FUGITIVE ON VENUS

by LESLIE HALLWARD



"FUGITIVE ON VENUS"

By Leslie Halseard

The stiffest soldier stood over at Grimes' feetstairway and a hollow prolonged sigh into the foggy night. Armed guards manned the powerful searchlight mounted on the twenty-foot wall, searched it expertly across the barren stretch of misty ground leading to the hills. It revealed nothing—an brilliance was dimmed by the thickness of the fog before it.

The heavy iron gate clanged open and three guards post loaded with guns roared out into the night. The street resumed its ancient loneliness, warning the solitary soldiers there where that a dangerous man had escaped.

But Grimes' footstairway contained only one kind of remarkable Imperial weapon!

Boatton's bed for Grimes had been made with the ruthless desperation and strength of the soldiers. He had torn down in his cell and collapsed. He had torn down heavily in the room which served as hospital ward, and got to bed. Then, as the doctor had been ever him to administer a sedative, he had started up and instantly changed his mind.

The one guard at the door had been asleep—he was dead now. From there he had been a desperate soldier to don his uniform, climb the steps to the observation tower on the wall, and through the weather there escape. Armed with the mark a gun he had called the twenty-foot trap—and had made it without injury.

At the prison they knew he had, he still at hand. Mandy Blane's mother had passed away he had been carried from his cell to the work. So that his story could only have been a slight one.

Boatton crouched by the foot of the thickly wooded hill, peering back and forward, shivering. Fully satisfied by the fog he could hear the whining of the propellers, the higher tone of the car horns, and the roar of the engines. A clear, luminous light from the searchlights was cut too.

And then a new tone was added—one which was shilling beyond warning about his back to go.

The deep directed beating of a bloodless cell and then he was alone in his prison prison!

He rose to his feet and turned, peering too way towards the misty path which led up the side of the hill. He glanced furtively into the mist, strong before him with unsteady eyes,

shadows with his hands.

The path led steeply upwards, he followed it, looking now and then across misty masses of long grass, and small irregular stones and rocks. Indeed here the foggy landscape near passed over, none.

The light looked up in the fog suddenly, startling him. He had not known there was a house high on this hill, but it certainly looked like it. The light came from a square upon him, possibly a window. It glared against the grey swirling fog path.

Boatton passed and looked. His legs jerked at the sound of the door to and again looked. He knew the house would be accompanied by girls, had heard him with guns—men who knew the soldier to be considered and would show him down without mercy, right then he had made good his escape.

Perhaps he could take—the house.

He crept forward through the trees and approached the window.

The house itself was too impressive; it was a wooden building, following the style of a Mexican Missionary. He climbed the steps which led to the veranda and found three ways of ready escape to climb along in the shadows of the overhanging boards, passed the window shut.

The window was slightly open at the bottom, and a path led down along the wall outside so that he could see inside.

The room he saw was plain, without furniture of any kind. The walls were decorated with carvings by hand in wood. The door was covered with a clean piece of grey paper.

Looking by the far wall, being a shining metal construction, were two people—an aged grey-haired man, and a pretty girl. The man was talking to her, but the words came quite clearly to Boatton.

He looked down—complete in every detail. It must fall to him as I have planned.

"But, dad," said the girl, "how can you give it?"

"By giving it my child. I shall deliver for a suitable time, and you would have the courage to face such an experiment. And after you marry."

"But—are you sure it will work in reverse? Suppose it won't bring him back again?"

"It will—I trust. Listen, Liane—I have already experimented with inanimate objects. They have returned—there is no difficulty there; why a living subject should not do so it is before my intuition manifestly. Permitted to do so, not more from the spot at which he remains, he will be perfectly safe. I would try it myself but—I am the only one who can operate the beam. You I see, Liane—I've devoted twenty years of my life, doing here away from life itself, maintaining this beam. It can be directed to any planet, at the moment it is focused upon Venus. When the subject steps upon the plane in that case—and I receive that beam, his body is split into its true elements. These are transmitted along the beam to their preordained destination, no matter how far it may be. When they reach that point, the work of the beam transmitter is done. The object, whatever it may be, forms again. The process is reversed and the elements themselves assembled. This is the final step—once the experiment is completed I am ready to retransmit the invention. It will entirely restore shipping, air travel, and rail-roads upon Earth. The heaviest goods can be transported clear across the world, clear across the Universe even, in split seconds. You realize the value of it, my child?"

"I think I do, father. But the thought of this experiment scares me. Why is it needed? You have already proved that the beam transmits words efficiently on Earth. Can you not tell?"

"It, thank me least? No, Liane. Like every scientist I have that burning curiosity to know what the other planets hold. What forms of life what mineral wealth, whether there are any great civilizations there."

Listening outside the window, Beorhson heard. The idea which had entered his mind since he had been told. It was fantastic, and yet—he was prepared to clutch at any straw in such a situation. You even voluntary rally from the world he loved and hated. Even a desperate experiment with his living body as the prism, etc.

The opening of the house door still confirmed his decision. He walked quickly toward the door, hurriedly upon it.

"Watch! The door opened and he confronted the girl. He said:

"I wish to see your father. At once please."

The girl tried hard to disengage him, but the boy made it impossible to sit there that a dark shadow, she said. Will you come in, father?

He stepped inside without giving his name. And so he was the first that invited him for eyes full upon the devoted workers of Genesis

Feet, entry for the wonderfully known. Her red lips were made for a crown.

With a sudden flourish, whipping his shirt you from beneath his gray coat. "Be quiet!"

She stood like a statue in the room, not the beams off short. He went on quickly. "I am a doctor, not a man. I will not stop at anything to achieve my ends. Thought already, two men have died by my hand, and I would not be known to bring a woman to the world. Like me to your father—immediately?"

For a moment the husband. From the laboratory her father called.

"What is it, Liane?"

"A—a gentleman to see you, father." The gazed over the wood partition, and Beorhson looked it and smiled widely.

"What? Here—at this time, in the day? They will, show him in to me."

She walked toward the life, followed closely by the man and the maid. Her mother and her father turned away from his machine.

Beorhson smiled. "Make no outcry. Should you do so I will not hesitate to kill your daughter. You understand?"

The scientist betrayed no alarm. He smiled and said. "I heard the strange story, going to Genesis. You are that man?"

"I am that man," agreed Beorhson. My name is Beorhson, John Beorhson.

"I remember your name—you killed Chicago during people with knives, did you not?"

"Not people—women," pointed out Beorhson. "I am rather proud of my record. They called me a woman just then, Jack the Ripper. But unfortunately they apprehended me."

And perhaps you guilty but innocent, and detained you in Genesis.

"I am you read your paper," said Beorhson. "But there is no time for discussion of that topic now. I need your aid."

The old scientist smiled and shook his head. "You may expect no help from me, Beorhson, he said. I did give you mine as it is, and even if I could I would not."

Beorhson said. "Listen—do you know?"

The ghostly lighting of the bloodstained carpet out of the fog into the room. Beorhson went on. "They are an evil trait. Soon they will find me, and take me back. If that happens I will have behind me two bodies in the house. I need you neither more."

You dare not?

"Why not? They cannot harm me either then look me up. I am known—so they say. You see? It matters nothing to me how many people I murder now."

"And if I refuse?"

Then your daughter dies first, and you after her. But you will not refuse. I have a proposition to put to you."

The old man adjusted his spectacles calmly and moved about.

Roarback tapped. "Say where you are for the moment. Don't stop after you tell the guards if they come here that you have not seen me—that you do not know where I am. You will send them away."

"And now here?"

In return I will be your human guinea pig. I will submit myself to your experiments. You understand?"

The girl said quietly: "No—no father."

But the scientist's eyes were gleaming with interest. "No and—"

"Suppose they start on searching the house?"

"I won't them. They will find nothing, for I will be gone."

"You mean that you are willing to undergo the experiment now, without further preparation?" he asked.

Roarback nodded. "Late and again. Did you see it? You can't harm a human being, not on any artificial organs you can't."

But father looked at her sternly. "Don't be deceived, child. There is a young planet—I feel sure there can be no human life on it. If our latest studies be true, not, why not?"

There was a shiver both in her eyes. Roarback felt that he was in there and wonder. "Naturally, he thought to himself, the old had my heart of some way of killing me, come to get me on that planet. Perhaps that is his plan. Perhaps something will go wrong! Purposely."

The scientist said: "I agree, Roarback."

He was a rather too quick in view of his daughter's position. Roarback was certain he meant to work some trick with his machine. But he betrayed no sign of his knowledge. He turned towards the cage of platinum wire, stood upon the plate beneath him. He said to the girl by the shoulder: "But back towards him."

There was a threatening humming upon the door. Roarback tapped.

"How do I know you won't reverse the thing immediately the guards are here—and bring me back?"

"I wouldn't have time. The instrument is only for work of a few seconds. You will see me pull the lever, after a momentary flicker, and the next second you will find yourself gone."

Roarback nodded. "They're at the door. I'm ready."

And he suddenly jerked the girl Liane roughly into the cage with him. "Goodbye. So you wait. If my baby kills the girl you will see. Professor. My adjustment, she will be very useful on a planet which has no other women."

You mean—" said the scientist.

Roarback smiled. "Pull the lever! Pull it or by God I'll shoot your daughter here and save—do you hear?"

Roarback smiled. "Pull the lever! Pull it or by God I'll shoot your daughter here and save—do you hear?"

His eyes blazed with anger; he pushed the shagreened lever into the girl's arms so that she screamed with pain. He shouted: "PULL IT!"

And hopelessly the girl was stopped. . . .

Roarback was staring in a way truly dark wild. He no longer had a body—what body there was of him had resolved itself into a hunched, writhing, top-heavy.

His thoughts were disrupted, amazed. "No his body."

He did not know how long he had been like this. It might have been a second or all eternity.

And then his consciousness was blotted out by a blinding white flash—everything became blinding, never-shaking pain.

Professor Byrson walked hopelessly along the hall towards the front door. The important humming had risen to volume and the great red clouds beneath it, wavered. The bloodstains began now with a sinister note. A man called: "Professor—open the door."

Byrson opened it and stood back as a hunched young man of sturdy build pushed in. Behind him were three guards armed and pulling back on the handles of the great, steel-trapping doors.

The young man caving his shagreen under his arm so saving Byrson along. He said: "Man called. Roarback's escaped from the Pen. Through his might have broken, as here when you didn't appear at once. You have I seen or heard anything—anything?"

Byrson said: "Alas, I am half mad myself. I don't know how to tell you this."

But Liane said: "No."

Alas. Clutching the young Governor of Ganton grasped his arm. Liane was to decide the Professor's conscience matter had shaken him badly. "Professor, it has happened! You don't mean to say something has happened in Liane—no?"

"Perhaps not. Alas, you know the best of my experiments have been wrong. Well, maybe Roarback heard it and tried me to send him out through the lower transmitter. I intended to swing the machine off centre and send him out into the void—but at the last second he pulled Liane into the cage with him and it was either a question of sending her with him or seeing her shattered there and there. I sent her."

Then she—" Clutching broke off about what to put his thoughts into words. Byrson said: "Yes, Alas. There's done no. Young Byrson knows what terrible pain."

Adam except for the worst part of them all—
John Hawthorn!

He seemed stunned, slowly he turned to the
piano and "You can go back—I'll take care
of Hawthorn now."

But, protested one.

Curran repeated softly: "Go back."

He kept his finger in the interlocked frame of
his hand. Then he followed System into the
dark, seated at the dining machine.

As he left, murmured "Am I taking any way of
getting these back?"

System shook his head. Only if they
remains in the precise spot at which they
eluded. He is asked: "I could keep the boxes
in closed on that point and keep the theatre here
there. I have already obtained one or two
fine pieces of furniture already that way."

Oh, it is necessary the heavy man?

I never of it immediately. It was too late.
They must have moved from the place almost
before.

She offered a protest. Then said with
pique: "Protested I'm going after them. No
doubt because its my duty to get Hawthorn,
but—well, later. And you must see my
side."

System smiled. "I was hoping you would
see that my boy I can't go myself even
only I can operate the house. But you
can run. If you had time and Hawthorn
coming in the spot at which you landed on
yesterday. I. He say just, will stay by the house
and say what you want or—I shall send
it to you."

He needed Curran a quickly shaped rifle.
and I. Heavy to very small—and two explosive
bombs—and had known what form of the gun
why we make there. Curran nodded
and spoke of the old man a hard silently. Then
took his position upon the plate in the cage.

CHAPTER TWO

System shook his head slowly as the whole
here about him began to lull.

His eyes lightened again, and memory
repeated: "Gladly—the master—down on the
hall—Mason—Lobby."

At once he recalled he was holding her tightly
and the gun pointed hard into her back. And
then he felt a great realization as he knew the
Professor's golden old work that whatever he
was to, was the no longer pursued.

With that thought came caution. It seemed
he asked when the woman had said about
revenge, the best to keep back someone in the
course of the house. And quickly he stepped
to the gate, dragging the girl with him until
he felt he had moved far enough away from
the ground point to be safe.

Long walked along brightly at the west
Hawthorn about them, but able to realize they

could save on time. Although she had seen or
and so to her father she was really intended
to understand of his meaning that his machine
was capable of working people and things
through space in any given point. Now it
seemed he had been right—and that the house
had no threat.

She was glad for him—but the knowledge of
his own knowledge position weighed down upon
her. She made a glance at Hawthorn from wide
terrified eyes.

System smiled. "Ah, my dear. Beginning
to take notice again, eh? Your father was not
quite so used to I had thought—I severely dared
to keep his wild statements were correct—but
my chance was with while to me. A pleasant
afterthought was it not, in being you alone?"

He regarded her without her, and smiled
his heavy smile with his low head. He
answered: "No, very different. Far more
effective than any of the women I—at—the
point of in Chicago. So very different. In
fact that I was to be taught to trust you—after
knowing I will depend of course upon your
behaviour which under my—no—prediction?"

She covered her face with her hands and said
nothing. Her hands shook with excited, when
he continued placidly. His wonderful law-
and-very. Our little garden at Eden and the
his father and her all over upon my dear.
And if your father is correct in one who on this
even played who is like we are. Therefore we
must get better acquainted as soon as possible—
much better acquainted.

She removed her hands from her face, com-
posed again. She said:

"I tell you."

It was a dangerous remark to make to
Hawthorn and even like her. He fortunately
for her he was resting in his position and was
not without rapidly closing his new hotel
world. Hawthorn spent upon a slight narrow-
ing of the eyes, and a twinkling of the eye
tigger he did not display his anger. He
said:

In that case it is very much wanted that we
should know each other better. In time I have
no doubt you will come to accept me as the
merciful. Unfortunately I am nervous and
how much time I am prepared to show you
we will see.

She made a sudden rush towards the point at
which they had landed. She was alone there
when Hawthorn reached her caught her arm
and turned it rapidly behind her back.

Then she by divided her across the wings
with lightning power given, and a great ob-
stacle was between them and the tunnel of return
to Earth. She warned her. Make another
thought my dear and I will be compelled to
kill you here and now.

She made no reply. Hawthorn now glanced
round to examine his surroundings more fully.

What he saw was unexpected even to his startled mind.

A hundred yards from where they stood the ground sloped steeply, and gave place to flowering mountain plants, with poppies like little hilly trees here and there. These stretched in a carpet, unbroken, as far as the eye could see. One flaming crimson mass like a royal carpet of saffron.

To the right, above a wide desert, a mighty forest soared into the vapour-filled sky. To the left could be seen a gigantic clump of coarse, massive lupines, which looked and behaved and even smelt and tasted like the burning Volcanos de. The dry soil was invisible to the eye, the towering triumph of the young world hid it effectively from view. But the mist and steam were golden, shed by the rays of the Sun above, the last which had done was chimney and oppressor.

Rosario said: "A charming place, although rather hot. Still it will doubtless enable me to produce satisfactory fruit for the time when I will undoubtedly be going somewhere much better. And now we had best find ourselves of work—are you ready to march, my dear Lusa?"

There was no other course open to her, she obeyed the summons of the shepherd and advanced warily to her feet from the grass where she had been sitting. With Rosario's slight lead, but she began to walk in the direction he indicated.

The vast mysterious forest gradually became plainer.

It was wonderful. Even from the distance they could see easily placed, leafy, shining tufts of grass, rising from branch to branch and waving up a shrill piping. The leaves of the grass from themselves were like acropolis wings coloured evenly in every shade conceivable and some which were!

They entered the forest. Rosario remarked: "Now at last we may know what our Ruchanted Forest looks like."

The ground continued undisturbed here and there was little tangled vegetation. The grass flowers clustered round the stalks of the stems of every shape and colour. A faint mist about close from them more exquisite than any known to terrestrial.

An odd, other than the birds, they had seen no form of life. For Lusa sensed something odd, something alive in the forest itself. The foliage presented none when they had been walking side of the moss than no more. Every now and then a tiny, dark object would intrude upon the delightful fragrances of the bloom. And this appeared to resemble those clumps of coarse mossy plants, with long, convoluted stalks of a grey hue.

Rosario, despite his unpleasant personality, was truly attracted by the forest. His gaze wandered from his hand, and his eyes darted to

and then delightedly, taking in the structure of each different variety of growth and tree. What most struck him was there was much of the past and almost as late as there is many many minute people.

He showed no sign of stopping, and not waiting to draw his attention to his small companion that could be helped. Lusa walked on, without speaking.

As they threaded began to feel tired.

They were passing a small, precisely building stone house he called to the first time that they had entered the forest. He said:

"Here. The people of these forests are, I suspect, my dear. I should like to see you, but I must ask you to be the first to taste of the water. Do you mind?"

Warily she stopped. She didn't need one if the water presented her, brought her to a willing obedient being. Even that would be better than what she might expect from Rosario.

Rosario, worried her drinking, then waited until he was sure the crystal-clear stream was leading to all other signs of life. Then he himself drank deeply.

The water was no different to that found on Earth. It made her parched throat and refreshed her for the journey upon. He continued to Lusa to get to her feet, and she did so, although she was rather dripping from fatigue. The stone of water had told upon her, and her legs felt as if they were good could not project them further step.

But somehow was creeping on them when Rosario called a halt.

They were at a small glade, surrounded by trees, and the sunny air above was rapidly changing to the sun right down. Rosario motioned to rest at the foot. "We must attempt to find ourselves a very little work that for tonight, he said. "And we know more about the dangers we may expect to encounter on the ground. Lusa, we can build ourselves a little house—want that be delightful? A little too late on the point of love. Explaining her it."

His good humour was so high that he rarely told her the fact that the lighted his repeatedly. He told himself she would come, most women any woman, needed the strength and help of a man on a strange world like this. In time she would give to him love—of so he felt sure.

He would not have been very distressed had he been able to see into the girl's mind. For Lusa welcomed her gradual taking pleasure in the trees, mainly because it meant it would be possible to leave the insidious physical contact upon her. Watched between the branches, she would hardly dare to try to close strength.

She watched him climb up the side of a bush of a nearby plant, taking his handhold

into the lay, croaking branches which were planted. He turned the blind folds on the most recent, and looked himself into position.

It is a curious old thought of racing, which is so valuable to possess—but the thought of being alone and helpless on Venus deterred her from that cruel, subjective and dangerous game. It never was of great profit to be lost, killed and even.

She remained up after him, hoping her legs would hold out until she had reached security. Sometime stretched a hand and helped her to the Venusian side.

He called to the Sea west shapeless, and a lovely, red-brown, swept over the light. The gentle pulled him a purple disk, and then returned. She could see this behavior in the center of the time, going vaguely towards her—darkish. He was a shadow, hardly there, go darkly under the dark track.

If she were to wait until he slept, then pushed him.

Yes, that would be as pitiable as watching him die. She would still be there here. And so far he had not touched her, or tried to—something might turn up—perhaps her father would continue to follow there. She could at least hang on until the last moment. If she were still alive in the moment she could always tell herself, at get themselves to do so by thinking him.

A nothing very much, in the darkness made her out. Then she reached reaching Scotland, or sleep and morning. Her hand dropped back along the trough as his hand went out toward her and the two steps—the regular breathing decorated her sleep was interrupted by choice.

And in the higher terrace of the tree above, three pairs of eyes stared down, watching, waiting.

Dr. Carter shook himself and stared round. It was difficult to believe that he was on Venus—so many after leaving Earth. But he did not think it strange as it was.

He was another planet, armed with a powerful weapon of the future—a new invention, being an astonishing work for a man and a girl.

The male seemed almost helpless, but he seemed to show no despair. At least Scotland could not have gone but—he had not had the time. The first thing was to study the in of the land.

He remained round until he found a portion of light, rising land. He climbed up that, against my great strength, but he had thought the "fish" would take. It slipped off about a hundred feet up, but that is all right. He turned to each of the three disks in turn and stared.

The crimson planet—the feeling, including camp—the forest—the greenward—

His hand

He did a double take and brought his eyes back to focus on that direction. Two immortals. The figure was just vanishing into the lady interior—and there could be no doubt that there were the two people he sought!

Even so, he opened his mouth to call they had vanished.

He ran down the slope towards the forest across the plain. He reached the edge of the tree parallel with morning and dropping with reveal. His heart was jumping immensely, his head was jerky. It was far too hot to run any great distance on Venus he found. If he kept this up he would be in no condition to handle himself when at last they did meet.

He slowed down, and entered the trees at a quick walking pace.

Several times he paused in trees, but there was no sound other than the piping of the giant little birds, and the humming of their rapidly moving bodies and wings.

Now he began to see how far from it would be to find anyone on that coast. Given as fact that the place, although he had seen the point at which they had entered, and had noted it. For the greenward was a grass-like substance, which spring to its original position the second his feet had left it. That meant there were no tracks left for him to follow. No then to indicate the direction in which his family and Scotland had gone.

He stopped as gently, however. Now he must wait to look. Nothing else could open him. Frustrated as he was he failed to detect the full quality about the grey plants, which Lora had noticed earlier. He had not completely noticed them at all.

Therefore he had no plan, when he heard against one of them for rest, that there might be danger.

It was brought home to him suddenly, as he laid, resting upon a branch of slender grey stalks of a rubbery quality, was suddenly awakened.

He experienced an unpleasant sensation, a prickling and a burning about the back of his head, which the stems of the plant had called. He jerked his ear.

The sun came forward—and so did the twilight.

The warm heat to his body began to fade to slowly.

With a sense of shame he started away—and the lumbering alone which had steadily called about his legs, brought him down with a crash.

Gradually almost lost, he fought desperately to break the grip of the strange plant. The more he struggled, the more the stem twisted over him and he became aware of a warm liquid seeping lightly about his head.

Then his eyes caught the gas, lying at hand where he had dropped it. He reached out with

the hand which was yet free, dragged it to him and brought to bring it into position. He levelled it at the white botanical product of the young plant.

He levelled it at the center of the thick green mass from which the water spring pulled the liquid, heavily.

The gun was accurate, but ineffective.

A popping hole was torn in the program—a pause of a half second, and then a small, muffled explosion.

The plant ripped another before his eyes, scattering slugs of fungus-like stuff over his hands and face. And he recoiled as more leaves as they moved red blood out to his clothing!

The trouble about his body had suddenly become long and hot. He tore them off as he could. Where they had gripped the skin was marked red and raw, and long gleams of his blood-bone showed in the fact that the plant was a vegetable Vampire.

The Vampire Plant of Venus!

He dashed about again, suddenly his eyes were drawn to a small hard which had worked upon a smaller plant in short distance away. It pointed there all unconscious of the rapid and danger passing away and passing mad!

He passed hurriedly, as the dark storm stole up behind it from the parent body—as they turned them to head to an arch—

The hand suddenly popped a high note, few seconds brought into the waiting trap. As rapidly as a water falling the trouble dropped about it. More and out, until the hand was covered with a grey mass of stuff, and as piping became broke and gradually died altogether in a low prolonged wail.

The plant unstated slowly. The trouble clamped tight. Then they opened again, and the hand, a more empty shell, was thrown to the, lost of the plant.

And also became conscious of the steady silent surrounding the Vampire plant, and watched his now as changed as he realized it was raised by the decomposing bodies of their desired victims—of which he would have been one except for the knowledge of Synthesis as giving him the explosive gas.

He turned away and remembered he took out the leaves. But now he had actually lost his sense of direction. He had no idea whether he was coming or going.

The time passed on either side of him almost stop. The twilight descended suddenly, deeper, warmer, and was followed by the purple dusk. Still he tramped on.

At length he halted. What was the use of going further! Best to wait until daylight, until he could at least see about him. For all he knew he could have passed quite close to death in this darkness and not even there were

no shadowy outlines which he could have got down upon.

But he had known it, he had passed the test—almost a stale level! His adopted position a idea, checked a line and step. From above eyes watched him also.

CHAPTER THREE

Trouton pressed and blinked his eyes open, slowly. They moved about mystified. It was some minutes before full memory returned to him, and he remembered how and why he had come to be on the side of the tropical forest, sleeping in a tree branch.

But as he remembered, he turned towards the branch on which the girl had left the previous night—and then started a loud curse and rushed to the feet.

"Lain was gone!"

"But where? And how?"

And how was he to find her again in a place with a diameter of 7 feet radius?

He moved his hand to shift his neck from the top of the tree which looked heavily down through the heavy canopy which a large massed to surround the place. His position of being second within the tree meant that it revolved around him the crown of his head as Lain. Furthermore it was constantly drying—the water, says, drew thick volumes of steam and shed from branches, rivers, lakes and some big ground.

And somewhere was the girl he had found in embracing him. He hadn't thought she would have changed rapidly away, even from him in a strange world. But apparently that line of the known had at last received her death of the unknown, and she had taken her chance while to sleep.

And then, he without not only had the girl gone, but also the landscape!

A feeling of calm directed at him. Absolutely no one there had been nothing to arouse any disturbance on Venus—but at any moment he was liable to run up against trouble and entirely unprepared he was forced to face the possibility.

But he realized that he could not spend the remainder of his life in this tree prison! and so he climbed to the ground and started forward slowly.

He tramped on and on, under the heavy canopy of trees, the trees and flowers and green weeds seemed to distance before him as the silent movement of the night was drawn up towards the day. His feet had been little use to him, for he had stopped and heavy without energy or purpose. What purpose could he have been? There was little he could do but endeavour to find some one apart to sleep.

The pains of hunger began to ease a little, his stomach felt empty and hollow, and his mouth

was hot and dry. The sky was sprinkled from which he might drink, only occasional clashing gusts covered with green mist and building and eddying towards these masses.

On and on his legs beginning stamping movements. He pined hardly functioning at all. The heat intensified, globules of green stood out upon his face and hands, upon his chest and throat a smoking mass. He backed and tore the water and still from him then arched slowly to his feet green insects leaped around. The coarse stuff rising about his legs, damp with perspiration. The light, sudden prompt which were heard at Groudon, because two eggs moulted so that he was forced to descend them also.

And then unexpectedly, he burst into a clearing, and found a still, dead pool of water, probably hot from some underground source.

He dove himself thankfully into the hot flow, cooling his back and drinking it. It was warm and pleasant but it seemed to scorch him inside raging fire, which had made him longer even he thought for the time.

There delayed, the longer returned to full force.

He examined the water at hand carefully, found no open which would give him green-similar to terrestrial nature. He hesitated only a moment, then driven to indifference by his hunger, plucked one and found the tough skin and a watery rock.

The food which was soft and squishy, not unlike gelatinous. He ate heartily and began to regain only a little in water loss but felt hot and heavy again. Then he recommenced his work a thing. His eyes watching for traces of the light.

Time changed on, and the heat became more and more unbearable. Then in the distance, he had a vision.

He saw a river.

They were, hands and started shouting in with language and known to his own. The realization was, however, a continuous but it is without a pause.

He then stopped abruptly. What manner of things were these? What could he expect from them? Would he be helped or would he be killed or taken captive?

The sounds of pursuit became audible, breaking through him. He dove back behind the nearest thicket of dense greenleaf grass and where wind it, waited.

And it was just before him there suddenly came such work?

The thicket, was almost ripped from his body. The dragon was laughing loudly from his lungs but even more wild and frightened.

and he was scared to jump among like a pig. The first loud thump of stone were throwing up from the surface of Venus. But then was wing.

Her mind was deep, deep with the possible loss of mind the morning might do to her before that day was over. This tale it could not be long before the inevitable must happen. Unless Enderlin would demand something more than her company at the latest expeditions.

Her heart at the present night had gone out. In the daylight they turned to greenish, she was certain now Venus could hold no more longer than Enderlin could. And at the last the dragon she would stand a chance—a very slim one but a chance nevertheless—and finding her way safely back to the spot at which she had landed. If her father had kept the house, she feared she could return to Venus and forget all this horrible nightmare.

Her mind made up she edged slowly along, the length she was so past Enderlin. He slept on, deeply. She laid gently across the path from his side where it touched him.

The climb down was simple and she effected it without noise. At last the whole of Venus lay before her.

And she went determined in which direction they had gone.

It was impossible. There was no sign, no indication of the route they had taken. Every tree every flower every spore was dead except empty stalk. In desperation she took a last landing in the night, trying to sight for the right one. She plucked one and on something to eat and gave Enderlin the opportunity to catch her up. She told the girl in a ready position prepared to encounter any untold danger or delay and heavily as possible. It would do no good to get again.

There began to surface her and she passed at a small stream she reached, in truth, the first water. She was hungry for but not so nervous that she would risk eating any of the strange fruits which grew so abundantly.

Then questioned she started for search again.

It seemed to her that time dragged by and still she stumbled on seeking for was even deeper into the heart of that land. A line that she would never get out of it. But it was an infinitely crueler her mind. She drove the thought away but it began to be an unconscious making her steps making her steps lay more and more.

It was with a feeling of deep thankfulness that she finally came to the hotel edge. She looked out on to a flat, sandy plain. Far off could be seen a shoreline, and beyond it a great stretch of water.

And halfway across this plain was a small group of shrouded figures—MEN! About twenty of them mounted upon some peculiar animals which to her eyes resembled snakes.

There looked across towards Enderlin as he had looked in the first time. It was only

she drifted helplessly. The discovery that someone had been in human shape, both her side and the back, did not excite in her thought the world was too young to have ever had also higher spheres of intelligence. Apparently not, for they were above the dragon—quite beyond them.

These eight stone-like, flesh-colored, hair-covered, broad-shouldered men, against the background of the forest, the one from which came the faint, uncertain light, they were like a new order of beings, and when they began to move, they were like a new order of things. Indeed, the spectacle of the creature's up-and-down flying was so startling, so new, that the men did not seem surprised, and they waited in his direction.

But she could not stand, unable to stir, until they were close enough for her to observe the dragon with which they greeted their mounts and the peculiar clothing they wore.

She turned back then and saw that the forest suddenly she was afraid of them—these faces were evil, her waiting them as dependents who felt, if they were to capture her, that terrible change would happen to her.

But she slowly, pushing, nothing in spite of her desire to look forth bravely, the dragon drooping round to her side.

The forest was gooder than flying birds down, to ground at the edge of the trees, with birds, snakes, crabs and jumping mice. They do not, indeed, stand out the forest after her, leaving their mounts clanking slowly by passing upon the green moss.

These movements were swift and sure, not hurried by confusion, indeed, there only creating being a line that leaves passed a strip of leaves hanging from it, and then, again, in the shape of an open, living in the forest, green-birds about their wings were long, greatly curved outside of their bodies.

Lane was slowly good but and heavy, leaving the greater practical part of Vane, although it was only light. Her long back came from behind her movements, sliding upward her branches and being, and lifting to the creature her head, light without being in power to diminish it.

She knew into a clearing, and behind the words of power grew near. Flaring with her back to it.

Her feet caught in an upspring rock—she sprang full length forward upon her face in the last most Venean grass. And before she could scramble up again and reach the dragon which had gripped from her hand, she perceived that their door and surrounded her known and surely meaning her as she lay there.

Suddenly she was pulled to her feet, subjected to a close examination. The stone-like men, they were—piles of all such others in their manner, some were, pushed by body all over and pulled steadily to her white skin.

They themselves, both right—for there were two last of light, but one, broad and being closed. Their arms were to it and themselves, nothing, only in their words. Their hands were heavily suited and a great part of their lives were spent in water and wings, and equipped them for that purpose. These like men were heavy, interesting in spite of their stone-colored form.

Neither hand nor feet touched more than their wings, and one of them was the same length. In spite of this they handled their words in the manner of experts, only the method of gripping differing from a Venean's words.

As she had previously noted, their bodies were soft and all around their mouths, head did not make or going below, caused by the process down the positions of her bones, the lowest atmosphere of Venean. Their conversation may not be far back in the almost still to protect them in some degree against the usual glare of the sun here. Their mouths were wide open, a long structure rising, the place of work. Their arms were more like the sides of their hands, without the usual very themselves for complication.

Lane considered as they reached her, looked her back, her face, her white skin and the material of her dress.

One of them grabbed her at the stomach and made some remark, whatever it, certainly meant an unusual look. Then, flying by their long words, she was lifted from the forest back to where the flying birds waited.

As she had at first thought there were very like snakes—her with a great wing spread. They were controlled without force, by the short pointed ends, and there was no ridge or hump upon them. She was lifted up to one of them behind the man who seemed to be leader of the Veneans, and then the stone party whirled straight into the air at terrific speed. She hung on to the lead's back, in her hands, pushing down, immovably at the whirling landscape beneath her. The Veneans themselves appeared to be quite at home on these three rocks. Beyond an occasional word with their guide, they did not bother to guide the creature, or to even hold on to them. Their behavior was perfect.

Above the clouds and plain they sped, down to the distant shore. The journey was a series, pushed in a matter of minutes, and the birds swooped down at the water's edge. Here Lane could see a view about here the shore.

It was a small, round, red-stained, after-looking to be carved from some shadow of bone—which she was to learn later, was actually the man. It was flat bottomed, and as they slipped on the edge of the water, one of the men drove at her head and to it, moving with the skill and speed of a fish. He returned

dragging the canoe with him, until it grounded upon the sand. "He was pushed out," it roughly said, "and then it was pushed out once again." The *Vermonters* were turned to the birds, prodded down into the ice, and shivered. The birds also left shivering with wings open, and there sat across the water, bound by some delicate drag-net-like trailing papers.

He looked glared into the sea, went towards the boat, as though to speak. "Happening to be so . . . they moved out from the bluffs, covered him, & pushing to many ways from me from all. Look, please, that they had been, in the fact his whole main purpose . . . it was possible, they had been as a landing, experience, and the arrival was to deny their captured quality to whatever they were bound."

The water was still and placed, concerning slightly by north the "blue" feet. "Look, try look to the birds, in the boat and tried to pull her down, only, only as far as was possible."

It of them, as she passed back towards the shore they had left, she made out a small figure standing there at the water's edge, and very slowly, as if the water itself, came an echoing cry.

"Lara."

He stood up so that the canoe almost capsized. She stood, about 10 ft. away.

It is the water there was Alex, standing helplessly at the water's edge, unable to swim the distance to reach her. "She has stood a fall, toward again, without warning by his look."

Suddenly they needed them right, and she took back to the bottom of the boat and gave way to her brothers' sobbing. "Alex had come what he—did she was so low way through edge to there would danger, even danger, as far as she knew."

He looked back behind the trees which concealed him from the view of the *Vermonters* who were surrounding Lara. He watched with wide eyes as they pulled and pushed, and heaved a sigh of relief when at length they reached their capture away into the boat. He had no desire to follow them, to change the gain there.

He moved where he was, alone, that they might have left some of their number alone. They had taken the shingles with them, and he knew that they would not notice it was finished.

Two minutes passed, and Jonathan was about to take the risk and move into the open, when he heard movements approaching the shivering canoe to his rear. He remained where he was, peering towards the trail along which he had come, wondering what fresh danger was to be revealed to his eyes. . . . and with the clearing stopped Alex, Governor, the Governor of Canada!

It took Jonathan only a moment to realize that Alex had followed him to Yaman. There could be no other explanation. And yet that it passed in front of the 100, which of course, for Jonathan, the situation was the gas in his hands. . . . and began to move, as if he would the lake, his finger made one dash to through the unexpected, and so.

Alex, Governor, standing straight through the Yamanian forest, passed and did not as he, heard the first of the great noise. . . . though they entered the presence of Jonathan and Lara, he thought, perhaps, of some of the words a cry, before their wandering, and so.

He calculated his path. He had long since decided all his existing except his own. He found the words more pleasant, with up to the fact.

The shouting had stopped by the time he found out into a small glade, and there was nothing to indicate which direction those responsible for it had taken—he looked inside a large tree and concluded. And at that moment a loud pair of hands gripped his chest from behind in a most unexpected . . .

CHAPTER FOUR

Alex struggled fiercely against the grip about his neck, but Jonathan's strength had been the strength to hold the shivering young Governor. The experience was had before in the printed and lay extended for the moment, while Jonathan related his tremendous power on the other man's neck, and heard, with satisfaction, the grip around which told the Governor was shaking rapidly.

But unknown to Jonathan other eyes were watching—and as Alex sagged forward, and fell, and Jonathan accompanied him down by following his own work, a little beyond again, dropped lightly from a high branch of the tree behind which Jonathan had hidden, appeared a rough sword from his belt, and coolly ran Jonathan through on the heart first.

The man moved slowly, and then rolled over lifeless. It had been a feat, practiced style.

The broadest Yamanian ground down upon Carter who was sitting and gazing at his, sitting in grips which would be behind him. He did the same behind his left eye, and expected down to wait for the *Vermonters* to return to full awareness.

Carter regained his breath slowly, he had been very close to death, and it was some time before the shivering grey man, which had been about him, shrank from his vision. Then he sat up and felt his throat tenderly. He eyes fell first upon the dead Jonathan—who he gripped

his organs. Then he allowed his gaze to travel to the young man appearing before him. The Venetian looked at him, and a cold smile on the inside was lowered, conscious in that life on Venice as well as Earth. He smiled back and attempted to rise, and the Venetian started back.

"Thanks."

The Venetian said "Goodness!" in a full drawing tone.

Carson shook his head, smilingly. The Venetian said "Goodness!" once more. Again Carson shook his head, but evidently his negative shake of the head was not good on Venice, for the Venetian appeared not to understand what was meant by it.

Carson pointed to Neptune, in the night vision to his back, and "You did that?"

The Venetian started and pointed his sword which was raised high. Carson said "Dead," during the body with his own.

"Alive," agreed the Venetian, pointing his sword again.

It was an extremely uncomfortable conversation. Carson wanted to know where Lane was, and told him Neptune, and he hoped the Venetian might tell him something. But that was not possible by speech.

He picked a short stick from the ground, found a flat piece of rock of a light tone, dipped the point of the stick in Neptune's blood, the rest of anything better, and drew. He drew, as near as he could in that manner, a rough sketch of a girl sitting at a desk. Then he walked to Neptune, then to the girl. The Venetian smiled eagerly.

Carson dipped the stick again and drew Lane, still behind the girl, showing her with out-matched arms. The drawing was poor, but the man of Venice nodded again, certainly, and pointed to the far wall.

Then, catching hold of Carson's arm, he drew him towards it.

As they went forward Carson started him suddenly.

He was quite tall, taller even than Carson himself. His arms were inclined to be long, his fingers lengthened but supple. His face was very little different in the face of any Venetian, but his ears were peculiarly shaped, being more pointed, like those of an animal.

His only garment was a leather apron.

They turned from the woods on to a long, sandy plain leading to a distant shoreline. Far groups, specks in the distance, were several flying birds of large proportions, heading out across the water. The Venetian pointed to them and "Kites."

As if that meant something important to himself, Alex forward at a rapid trot, which developed into a run as they crossed ground. The man from Earth was hard put to to keep pace with the Venetian whose supple legs

moved him swiftly and easily across the level sand.

But finally they drew near to the shore, at the point where the birds had been seen, and the Venetian pointed to a little boat, looking its way out on the surface of the black water, and "Aloes."

Carson started his eyes and showed a gasp through the mud on the atmosphere, in slight pain that was in that boat. And he drew, as far back he could, with a flicker of a colored summer jacket, and a young girl lying in it, dead. He called desperately "LANS!"

The boy drew close up, and he found his own more startled back. He tried to see the man, who propelled the craft, and assumed that Lane was asleep close on that sea. There was less than one chance in five hundred that he could reach her, but he had to try. He started forward.

The Venetian had a deft way upon his. He made passing movements with his arms and pointed to the boat again. Carson started and was enough, he could see that the boat was quickly fading from sight, slowly, under some weirded of propellers.

Even as they watched it merged with the blackness of the water. There was a low level flash of color, then it was invisible to him.

Desperately he stood staring at the spot where it had vanished. He had no idea what his next move was to be, certainly he could not even think out there, hoping to find the boat of Lane. He would speak long before he had passed the point where the craft had vanished.

He told the Venetian, dipping his arm, and he turned slowly. The man of Venice still held the drawing stick, and now he began to make a rough sketch of the boat in the water, and beneath it several small figures, with nothing but a head protruding it. He pointed to one of these figures with a vicious jab of the stick and said "Knew!"

Then he described before the boat, a number of shapes upon, surrounded by a circle. Carson didn't get this one. The Venetian reached the drawing of the boat and the vertical man with his stick, drew a line from them to the circle. This was Carson knew he knew of the circle was the destination of the boat, possibly the city of the Kites.

Carson took the stick from him again. He had to know if there was anything he could do to reach Lane, and what might happen to her. He reached the depth of the boat, then pointed to his own breast. Then he drew a quick sketch of himself, seated in such a craft.

The Venetian seemed to understand, spread out his hands wide in a negative gesture. Carson pointed, then drew a picture of the girl by the desk, and drew her pointed stick into the sand in the boat.

This puzzled the Venetian.

in the pleasant manner of the dark natives. They were especially kind and kind-hearted, and the prospect of reaching on to the interior of the forest in such a happy wooden shell would draw them forth with pleasure. But they were pleased also to share with these strangers, their food and pleasure with delight as Carsten shared with them and showed the boat to a small extent with the aid of the rough poles they had constructed.

Then they had dragged to sleep aboard and to the pole, as had to with the delicious appearance upon the Venetian here, for the use of the boat of embarking approached, the two men of himself did the Indian business.

Now he could climb both in and Carsten riding up to water grass. So the idea that the boat could carry them safely to the island of the Azores was to him sufficient. Therefore the boat he placed in the boat was very isolated, and at the boat took deeper upon his weight, in spring heavily with a yell.

Beginning strange he tried even more. His time he studied his eyes and stayed put until the boat stopped holding steady that it seemed still. He looked pleased, and placed it inside his hands on the boat with a whisper as they followed carefully.

Carsten showed him the construction of the pole, and from the boat was a little. The Indian movement caused Gypsel to sit down rather abruptly on the hard wooden deck. The Venetian on the shore made a small which was the equivalent of the Indian language.

Thinking Gypsel rose to his feet, took one of the poles from Carsten and made a happy drive at the sea bed to recover his lost position. The boat shot the pole back, and Gypsel being suspended between heaven and earth like an elevated spider, hanging on for dear life.

In spite of Carsten's help he was motionless, the boat slowly drifted further away at once, as the contents of Gypsel's body on the pole, but Gypsel was saved with the alternative of either jumping out of the boat and heading to the pole to hold him, or ascending the pole and finding his chance of scrambling back into the boat. He chose the latter course, and there was a loud and noisy splash.

Growling, Carsten helped him to clamber aboard again and watched him splashing and coughing.

The forest Indians could not even then when, had never tried. They had hitherto considered without hands and feet indispensable to the art of swimming about in water, and had been content to leave it to the Bores. Their taking was done from her position, in the stream and given with her swimming through the forest. They had failed to obtain them in any way. They had all they needed here and

therefore no reason for venturing away from their own territory.

Carsten that night, could see that Gypsel was angry.

Accordingly he took him aside from the others and said: "Listen, Gypsel, there is no need for you to come with me, if you would prefer to stay here with your people. It seems to me the chances of reaching Lania, and returning safely are infinitesimal. Therefore I have the right to ask you to accompany me."

Gypsel looked surprised and lost. "But, Alrick, I thought that was all arranged!" He was angry that I came with you. Because I do not yet know the boat makes no difference to me. Besides, you will need me to guide you will you not?"

He was quite determined, and Alrick accepted his determination and made no further attempt to dissuade him. He spent that night seeing that the exploring party was ready for action, and Gypsel spent a happy goodbye to his women and baby.

They made an early start the following day. Gypsel indicated the place to be left, then their journey away, and then meant leading the boat with wing and provisions for at least six days. If they did reach Lania, that would suffice, said he, for their fathers on the return journey.

As they embarked, watched by the water village. Gypsel bore no weapon other than his long sword and also carried the rifle. While the craft was in sight of shore, Gypsel put a bold line on things, standing at the stern and waving, and looking the stern as Alrick had taught him. But once the villagers were out of sight he sat down in the boat and began to look very thoughtful and uncomfortable, as had been from sight and nothing but black water surrounded them.

They had been going almost an hour before the water deepened sufficiently for the poles to be laid aside and the men used. Alrick turned to with a will—the movement went scarcely half an hour since Gypsel took the island notice of how to use them and to work him would have wasted his much time.

By the end of an hour a still evening, Alrick had reached there had been made on Venus—but there was some influence to fill a small sail. Gypsel explained that the only great winds were those which blow through atmospheric storms, and these were infrequent but very destructive.

They sailed on again as usual. About there was the black waste of water meeting silence. Since leaving the shore they had seen no sign of land, but Gypsel watched the sound of the boat carefully, and continued to steer the craft with an unerring hand.

Now and then, put again and now again, the they were at. At long last the steam died a way

from the sea, the atmosphere moist and vapoury and the light dim and becoming dull.

How are you now? asked Gaggel. For the last five years I was not able to see my father after he was blind.

Suppose the light darks during the night? suggested Alec.

How can it? There is no tide and no wind.

Alec was apt to forget the character of tide. The fact that Gaggel had no recollection to assist a tidal gull constantly changed him.

They settled down for the night in the boat, not needing to cover themselves for the darkness of Venus never gave cold. The purple darkness told over everything, a darkness whose people effect was due to the chronically changed vapours which rose from the planet.

Both slept, Gaggel somewhat restlessly so far from land. Alec lay tired by his constant raving.

The night wore on, and as the Sun changed the darkness with the last flash of dawn, Gaggel was awake and finding his companion.

All that day they passed, with nothing to do toward to disturb them. Gaggel had now grasped the magnitude of his surroundings, and took his time with a will, his muscular arms sending the boat rapidly on its way. His eyes and mind told that as he followed the strong flow. At last, late in the night, a low shore line came into sight, and Gaggel passed to take back bearings.

"This is the first day of our journey," he exclaimed. "The island of the Rains lies in the wake of this land as the darkness of the Sun."

"But surely we'll find a more inland waiting ship, as these directions?"

"No, the island is very large."

Alec decided that even now it was a possibility. Gaggel started quite certain of himself and what island where he had obtained his knowledge were some of the lower divisions were where could only say it had been landed down from previous to generation.

Once more they left land behind and headed into the heart of the Venusian Sea.

And then, far away on the horizon, a large grey patch rising into the air became visible. Gaggel forward and stared hard. Alec quivered. "The island!"

Gaggel shook his head, and his face was troubled.

No. This is such a storm, as I have mentioned to you. We can but hope it will pass us by—it will.

He left his remark unfinished, but Alec could guess the implication behind his words.

Suddenly the greyness drew nearer, and now a towering dark became visible. Alec thought of cyclones, hurricanes, whirlwinds, typhoons, and other raging earthly storms, but this was unlike anything known to Earth. It bore down

madly, with light clouds and within a matter of minutes, the boat was enveloped in it.

First darkness and calm. The water was now changed. A single swelling and swelling of the dark waves into horizontal waves. Noise whirled and swirled against their hull. The boat was tossed violently from side to side.

There was nothing they could do in the face of Nature's upheaval. Nothing and finally tightly together on the bottom of the boat as it swung violently about on the crest of the white sea waves.

Then boat, head and the two men were tossed violently, and Alec had time only to grasp the rail which he had managed to grasp before, and with Gaggel's shoulder before they were sucked under the swelling waters of the waves.

They came up again, struggling. Gaggel was almost only grey beneath his hair, and his legs and arms flailed helplessly to keep himself above. The boat rolled and moved quickly down a few yards away. Above the swirling tops of the wind Alec called:

"Gaggel—get hold of the boat!"

He seized the sides of the boat, and Gaggel grasped his ankles and held them fast. Then they were flung and heaved, tossed and turned and drenched and held down, until the grey storm was so suddenly as it had come, and they were beneath the golden sky again, half dead, but still alive!

Only a long swaying remained to show the storm had passed that way, and waiting together they quickly righted the boat and checked with it. The men were gone, as were the boat. All that remained now was the two men, now long swept, now idle, and the boat dead.

Gaggel with his head desperately into his hands and struggled helplessly.

But Alec was already working on the sides of the boat, wrestling the dead pieces of wood from their light castings, and noting that at least they would be better than no men at all.

He handed one to Gaggel, who shook his head.

"It is not use, Alcott. The storm has thrown us off our course. I do not know now the path on which we must travel."

We must try, and Alec, diving away with his head. At least we must stay here to push."

Gaggel saw the sense of that, and together they commenced to row carefully, ignoring the mad notion of waiting the heavy tide.

Later passed swiftly up and down the chamber in which she was held captive.

How long the last now been in the city she could not recall. Eyes had passed and she had been quiet after the evening meal. She knew only that many days had since dragged

by a small side hall been reached in this place. After her capture the boat she had taken a last voyage, in 1914 last year propelled by the tugboat for two days and nights. Then a disaster had come to pass. This had been left behind and the boat had progressed a further mile.

The boat of the fishermen had been reached half way, towards that night. She had been sick, it being with some illness she was carried through the dark, the buildings were of stone and the air was partly contracted. It was surprising to find the lady disappeared were also still outside windows.

She had been carried for a period which she judged to be two hours, and had at length been taken into one of the buildings. This was larger than the others and minutely worked outside and in its tiny, well covered sea shells.

Here she had been surrounded by a man who was in no way different from the rest of her captors, but who appeared to be in authority.

And she had known in the building was the Temple of the New God, the man the High Priest of the strange religion.

She had been taken up there, along a passage, and led into a large and spacious room, more windows. And the light was admitted through slits in the walls.

There she was supplied her with a dish of food which seemed to be composed of new fish cooked with leaf and eggs left her. The stranger had been left with her the fishermen being sure that it was a woman, and taking it for some part of her personal equipment.

The day dawned, and through the largest of the cracks she gazed down upon the city of the Kiam. In her shadow the buildings of shell looked together by some kind of mosaic, gleamed with a hundred different shades. Light looked more hurried about the streets, and their people comparatively widely asked, moved about their houses to house and place to place. Here the man too was back, their lowest places obviously only being desired when hunting or being on watch.

The land itself lay partly under water. Water jumping by the depth to which the inhabitants sank side it, which was about two feet deep.

The main parasite seemed to consist of being her mother her mother, and gathering fruit from the trees which grew on higher ground slightly beyond the city.

Little tried to puzzle out why she had been brought there, why she was being held captive, but the answer eluded her. Each day two dishes of food were brought to her and one large dish which was rarely eaten. This served to satisfy thirst and was obviously intended for that purpose.

Her strength had long gone given up the struggle and had split and snapped, and deeply

fallen from her, but still still still by more than passion and desire. For never the struggle to was her own.

There was no display of any description in the room from which she might have made herself a garment. The walls were of bone and only had a large shell highly polished and made as a mirror. Her hand was brought to her on the shell, similar to the shell of other fish.

Nothing was used in use, and she considered the strength for a people who were advanced enough to keep enough records of time. The explanation which struck her later was that there was a shortage of wood in this place, and that the area which did grow was carefully cultivated by their tribe, being previous to the fish people.

In the time passed slowly and always she thought of Alice and wondered where he was and what he was doing, and why she still looked back with him at the shore had been.

She felt sure he would make an effort to find her.

And then one day she heard a mighty roar lay down a high stone bank beyond the city.

The controversy to determine what was taking place than the others, but the bank was too far distant for her to be able to distinguish more than a mass of people gathered there. The city itself was quiet and still, and none of the fish people was visible in the streets.

The sound of speaking came along the corridor outside and her attention was approaching the noise. The door—which looked by some device from the outside—was opened and two of the fish men entered accompanied by the one in authority.

Working to catch other in their random language they seemed to her that her hands and feet were put down into the temple. Here the High Priest finished something before a pool of water at the far end of the temple. Then she was dragged outside.

Women were waiting here with necklaces of sea shells threaded on to grass strings. These were draped about her neck, and she was led on towards the high bank.

The whole city was assembled, thousands of them before a great house, of which the fish river was a bank. On the edge of the fish river twenty of the fish men dressed in their lowest places were assembled. They stood in two lines of ten, facing each other.

The girl was led through the crowd by the priest, and a golden ball descended upon the multitude. The priest gathered all were words, the fish men roared, and then the two lines of ten started fighting savagely upon the edge of the lake.

They fought only three longwards, becoming eating, backing without any knowledge of strategy. Their object appeared to be to

better work their down as rapidly as possible in the thundershower battered down.

Lana awakened as the flood sprang from gey-
ing wounds and hurried away. But her eyes
were dragged back again—there was a horrible
horror about the way they gleamed already
without tears, even when they were mortally
injured!

At least two of them lay dead and dying in the
bleeding spots, and the others moved their wounds
towards the lake and died in a chorus.

The pond produced a lone being from a
hollowy peck. Slowly open it, producing a high
pitched screaming noise.

The waters of the lake swirled, and a fright-
ful head appeared!

Outside its central tunnel, Lana screamed
dully.

CHAPTER XII

The creature was a horrifying, pestiferous
nightmare from the shores of life.

Only the neck and head were visible, but
both were sufficient. The neck stretched from
the water in an appalling height and along the
back ran a row of bony spurs, terminating in a
horn on top of the head itself. The head was
small in proportion to the neck and was shaped
similarly to the head of a snake. The eyes were
tiny and sunk in swollen flesh, and the nostrils
overlaid and gaping. The skin was whitish
yellowish, hanging in loose grey folds round
the gaping slivering jaws with the sharp fangs.

A violently high pitched hoarse sound
came from the throat and more of the nightmare,
and the head poked for a brief instant, while
the lower dropped in their jaws and sent up a
wailing chorus.

Then the head darted forward as a lightning-
like speed, one of the wounded fishermen was
swung in cruel teeth and bones shat. Head,
ribs and all disappeared beneath the surface,
and there was a confused flapping of water.

An enormous red stain spread above the spot
and a torn and mutilated portion of flesh floated
in the lake.

The crowd waited again and Lana stood
dumbly not to be wakened.

Minutes passed and the sea serpent disap-
peared. The wounded men, who lay at in-
tervals showed no fear—slowly they moved
their heads and arms, watching their comrades
being dropped in death with unflinching eyes.

One by one the serpent moved towards them
and then it took them beneath the surface
as heads in bloody work there. At least three
swung nothing but the blood-stained heads
and like to show where two men had perished
tragically.

The high Priest listened more words and
turned to Lana. The sea serpent apparently
arrived in the still, made no effort to

attack the rest of the diving. It remained with
its head above water, glaring evilly towards
the beach and surveying them side to side.

Lana shrank from the point as he touched
her shoulder.

But her hands were still bound, and there
was nothing she could do to avert the fate which
she was eyes warned her. She knew now that
she was a sacrifice—there the reason for the
dainty shell necklace for her long captivity.
It and all were leading to this day in this very
moment to the torturous murder from some
Voodoo's nightmare and its foul, black-crested
god!

The pond continued in the vast, who had
brought her and she felt eyes being drawn
about her legs and tightened. A fog and she
felt helplessly in the hands.

The serpent was not a god, opening tongue
like a whip lashing round to show much
Lana shuddered.

The pond began to chant again, sending
over her with round waves as the movement of
murder drew near.

The serpent swayed beneath the surface
momentarily.

The two youths picked Lana up by her feet
and shoulders, hurried her to the edge of the
lake, laid her down upon the long red-brown
wooden platform.

The last first and last, her head a wooden
stand, her eyes directed to the spot from which
the serpent was due to appear.

The chanting ceased the pond brought out
the form again, like a sharp nose.

The waters swirled, and the serpent poked its
head high into the air and swayed towards
her.

After, Caxton stayed himself, tilted dry lips
with the tongue and pulled himself to the gen-
tle side of the boat.

The statue had passed, but its eyes of head
had they remembered. For looms, they had
pecked with the men, but at last fangs, bones
and longer had taken their toll. Gogol had
been the first to collapse—now he lay in the
bottom of the boat semi-conscious. Also had
his last long after him, and he too had lost
his bones while the two watched the water
about them and showed his teeth and which
was moved to each boat.

The sea water Gogol had given him to
understand was not desirable. It was like
that of these walls.

The boat had moved to move, and with it had
ceased the reason motion of its occupants. All
was still and calm, nothing could be heard or
seen, but the thick vapour rising from the water.

Gradually the fog went down, leaving nothing
in the two waited Voodoo. And found the

strength to drag himself to the side and to peer over, with so much hope.

For what, he now made him notice Geygel's arm and joint in passing.

Large! should and growed, then dove! into wall to a sitting position. His eyes blinked, then followed Alex's pointing hand.

Look! Alex gasped. Look!

Some distance away a British soldier of Europe rose from the water. It was low lying, so low lying that much of it was actually beneath the surface, and yet it was *there*.

And Geygel shrank backward. "We only land, and the land we are seeking! The description the perfectly. The island of the Kowal! We must go carefully now. . . we must wait for darkness."

They went back into the boat, but now their hopes were high again, and they felt refreshed suddenly. When there was land there would be food, and the means of spending their days—and after that they could continue their self-imposed task.

And so, as the purple dusk enveloped them again, they began to paddle slowly towards the low lying islets which were the shores of the Kowal Island.

Almost motionless as Geygel, and it was hard to have the fish men when they moved to water, and for all they could tell they might already be seen.

But nothing occurred to alarm them, and with a feeling of thankfulness they at last gained a little harbor composed of rocks and dunes that bent into the side. Alex climbed up and examined it to one of the jagged shoals, then as fast they crept over the flat sand.

In the gloom Geygel could see better than the Kowal. His eyes were adjusted to the purple dusk. He pointed suddenly to a patch of higher ground, east. "There we should find this man, Cass."

Together they crept forward, and as he had said, the ground did contain a number of fruit trees, all the way, green fruit which had and seemed as a third species also. They ate two each in total silence, then turned and attempted to get their bearings, aware then of how far they were from the nearest city.

Geygel murmured: "We must not be late when it is dark. They will kill us. We must find somewhere to hide."

"But the ground," began Casson. "Time is short."

"There is not tomorrow," pointed out Geygel. "And we do not know in which direction to go. Let us wait until it is light, then we may obtain some indication."

It was the only advice given to them. Suspended in silence about the silent territory in the darkness. If they were apprehended and asked for help, looking down they would probably rather die than live.

Changing their sitting position, and through down their deep pools of water, they moved further into the island. The water gradually rose after they had covered a good hundred yards, and Alex began to see that the entire coast might be waterlogged in this way.

At length they reached a bank of remarkable proportions, which was marked sharply west, forming a small river. Here, then, they were, and increased their searching.

They were wary now in the searching, and not undisturbed and anxious. If their task had seemed impossible before, it seemed more so now that they were actually at their destination and knew they were now surrounded by thousands of natives.

Fortunately their steps in the boat had helped to reduce their foot prints, and now they had eaten and quenched their thirst they were able to face the boat ahead with as much calm as opportunity. The night dragged slowly on.

The dawn came, finding them huddled and wary, but ready for a look east. Alex had crawled the rifle from the waterlogged bank, and was inspecting it.

"Where Casson is," he told Geygel. "I must make every use of these tall before we're finished. What do we do now?"

Geygel was pointing towards a collection of tall buildings near at hand. "That is a village," he said. "If you strike your eyes, you will be able to see the Kowal passing out to the opposite end to anyone we there! They go in a boat."

Alex nodded.

"They go to the prison," Geygel informed him. "We must follow them carefully."

They crept from concealment and started to slide along, taking advantage of the sliding rocks and pebbles in the fall. But such a method of progress was not quick enough. At last Geygel said: "They are getting out of sight—we must take a chance and follow more rapidly as we shall lose them."

They ran to their feet and hurried over the pebbles. As they progressed, they kept looking backward, and kept their eyes fixed upon the distant Kowal, anxious to keep them in sight.

It was their undoing, for here a grove of fruit trees on a rise, a Kowal suddenly appeared, searching the woods and peering widely, then raised the rifle that Geygel walked grimly and shook his head.

"Let me handle the dog," he murmured. "We must afford to waste your bullets."

The Kowal bent down upon their creeping like a great dog, his head. Geygel stopped coolly to wait him, whipping his own weapon from its hiding place. The Kowal uttered to a half dozen fruit pebbles from him and growled.

"What do you wish?"

"We wish a female," returned Geygel. "Can

where your fellow-craftsmen had brought him into a line of them and dressed in a shaggy tunic."

"He was mangled!" She is for the murder!" he cried. "You are dead to me now! You will be killed! I will tell you."

"You may try," cried Geygel calmly.

The Kneer argued no further, but rushed in, passing his sword unsheathed. Geygel looked a step and parried his reckless blow, smiling. Catches surprised at his dash and the knowledge of his sword and without hesitatingly on the sword-point and swung, stopping the wild blade of the Kneer.

Geygel, feeling that this had gone on long enough, stopped back three paces quickly. The Kneer rushed forward, under the impression his swing was returning—and Geygel stopped with a side and drove his blade through the body of the other.

The Kneer, with the heart, dropped backward and Geygel wiped his blade on the man's tunic and shut his sword back into his belt.

"Now we have lost the party through this fight," he murmured.

As he said, the party was gone from sight. Alar said: "We can not follow the man—discreet and tried to look—possibly we will see others."

But they saw no more of the Kneer as they returned, and time was passing so quickly that Alar was beginning to get almost-surely they would even have his hair!

Geygel also was looking anxiously to be missed his friend's whereabouts. And finally he said: "It is of no use waiting on Alar. We must find a village water and speak one of them too old to attend the game, at the same point. The you agree?"

Alar agreed readily, and they pushed on until they reached the clearing, and entered the waters of a village in the distance. They were then in a village, but it was small and deserted. Presumably the Kneer was convinced they had nothing to fear on their own strength, and all the while looked back upon the place, to see the message which still remained and to watch at the door of their food.

Geygel and Alar went down the street slowly, prepared to turn any side might come. The place was still quiet and quiet, so that when they heard breathing in one of the buildings, it was hardly visible from a doorway slowly breathing.

They went upon the door and rushed into the room. An old woman was seated upon a low chair, withdrawn and dejected. Her eyes were on the eastern side her hand on the forehead at a great distance, and her white hair swept against her forehead.

Geygel had no respect for the aged and calm. Back on Alar looked at every corner, and the average life upon was incredibly short. From what Geygel had told him, Alar had recognized

it to be at least twelve years. Against passing that age had been Geygel then they were entitled to be charged in spirit. Naturally was too old, and still not so quickly.

Geygel presented the game of his sword to the old woman's hand and on guard. "We wish you to try to be not questioned. Do you love us?"

The old woman smiled. Her face was too old to be surprised or afraid.

Geygel continued: "How can we reach the place at which the game takes place?"

"We can reach the place," she said. "The city of the Sea-land?"

"Is there any other?"

"No."

"Then have they no reach the place?"

She shook with nodding, almost laughter.

"Answer, old woman, or I kill!" cried Geygel.

"Why should I answer?" she asked. "I am not afraid to die. Why do you want to know where the game takes place?"

"That is none of your business. Answer or I will kill."

"Kill then. I have not much longer now to live."

Geygel raised his sword again, drew it back, but Alar had a restraining hand upon his arm.

"Do not kill her, Geygel."

"But why not? She refuses to answer!"

"That may be—but upon Earth we do not kill old women."

Geygel looked thoughtful and said: "This is our enemy. They are all our enemies. Doubtless this very town has been some of these days who have prey upon the people all over France."

The old woman had been comparing Geygel closely during this dialogue, and now she said:

"You are not of his kind. What do you have?"

"I come from afar," said Geygel, "seeking one who was taken from us. A girl, who is my wife."

The old woman smiled. "You are black, and although I do not understand you, I will tell you that which you wish to know of you, which you can prevail against my conscience."

Geygel bent eagerly towards her.

"Help me to the door," she whispered.

Geygel on one side, Alar on the other, they got her as far as the door. Alar she pointed along the road with a heavy sigh.

"It is straight on—you must not turn or start. Continue from here in a straight line, and you will find the lake and the altar."

Then she took a bit of coughing, and they took her back and set her down. As they moved hurriedly away up the street they could hear her still at it.

"How do we know she was not lying?" questioned Geygel.

"I don't think she was. Apparently she thinks that we are going to commit death upon

way, and it felt wrong to spending any more.
"I'm not sure she has a right," said Geygel with a grim smile. "We shall see!"

After that they continued in silence, tramping along the frozen road, splashing in and out of unrelenting holes of water frequently.

Suddenly Geygel halted, his shoulders were almost motionless.

"Listen!"

Alex listened, and heard it in a flash. A sound, and shouting in the distance. Then a soldier came. A third man there in a hat off from—and following it the screams of a woman in distress here—the women of LANKA!

He started running so quickly that even Geygel was shocked to find the pace. They ran on, into a clump of leaf trees as the horse reared up in alarm or fear. And then they found out just a mouth of water, and started across. Over the other side on a flat shell of stone, a small naked brown girl lay with frightened face. Frozen above her head in snow, was a something was beyond! With a curse Alex threw the rifle to his shoulder and took quick aim.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Fascinated with horror at the idea of being alone in those cold, gnawing jaws and torn to pieces under way by the sharp teeth, Lena crouched up the road to safety. And then.

For he appeared again, the equally such of the monster was slumped off at the water line—it was as if the base of the rock had burst with a little puff of smoke, and the length above water splashed loudly to the surface, walking terribly, and weak!

There was a mighty thrashing beneath the surface, as the animal's body slipped the death throes. A long, agonizing burst of fear came from the surface.

As long as they could remember their lives, God had ruled the world from that point. It was their religion, and had become a duty to them, as the Church and Bible to Englishmen. And now they knew God was destroyed at one camp silently and peacefully and they were left standing at the spreading stream on the water and the dry waves which splashed them from the companions of the low, God's hand struggle.

They were too shocked to do more than gaze. They had not observed the first men on the opposite bank. Now would they have searched the forests to them and they died so. It was impossible seeing this in his face some light power.

As they stood, and then from the High Priest who was however, came a sudden shock, which was cut off halfway and in his entire body exploded and blew fragments over the astonished men. There was a flash, a burst of light.

A puff of smoke suddenly appeared in the

front ranks of the warriors; three men fell, badly injured. Blood flowed and took them. Specter's explosive was not indeed as great as they expected, and at this final blow it exploded once in the full view. When the sudden death was coming from they did not know, so that it remained at the supernatural, and the first man suddenly broke and tried to push their way back, screaming with shock.

Then at the war had not seen what was happening properly, they were attempting to push themselves farther to the front. And while the great struggle raged and killed men, words and horse. Alex used his rifle to great effect, blasting death into the ranks of the worst warriors.

The struggling men broke and ran. Every man and horse then disappeared away in full flight leaving only the dead and dying and wounded behind them. They retreated down towards the village, raised his three horses, shouted the shock, and looked themselves in as fast they could.

Lena was still lying where they had placed her, closed behind by the maintenance of it all. Her hand layed to her throat as she saw the two figures racing round the lake and every dead man of them for Alex.

Within moments they had reached her side and ignoring the groans of the injured, knelt and worked her limbs. Lena gasped.

"Oh, Alex."

"Leave it all to me," said her. "First we have to get out of this, then we can find time to talk."

He turned to Geygel gratefully.

"The sky is quiet," said Geygel. "But how long that quiet will last there is uncertainty. Our last plan would be to catch three of these flying birds, and escape on them."

How could they take us back to the mainland?"

"Easily. They travel at terrific speed when pushed into it. I have never handled one myself, but I have watched the Kuma riding them. It is as slow by the stick. A jolt to the right follows a left turn and vice versa. A jolt in the back makes them run, one in the side brings them down. They are very tame, and in no way vicious. The Kuma have hood them themselves and they use has accustomed them to being treated as beasts. They fly long distances without food or water, and will survive the journey which takes us days in a matter of hours."

Alex glanced doubtfully at Lena. "Think you could hold one?"

"I think so, Alex. I have already been up on one."

"Right, Geygel. We'll do as you say. But where will we find them?"

Geygel pointed to the left. "As we were coming, I heard them speaking from that direction. Possibly there is a pen of them."

They walked on, moving as quietly as they could, and listening for the faintest of the great birds. As yet there was no sound of pursuit from the sky. But how long this happy state of affairs would last could not be determined. At any moment the Ravens might come pouring and after them, having consumed their prey and seen their quarry swooping with two strangers.

Coyote said: "I know these—the way."

They ran again behind an isolated building, which might have been a warehouse, and toward this they came, upon a large paved open ground where dozens of the brightly hued claypots had crashed.

Coyote walked swiftly into the middle of them, turned one by one each headless and laid it out in a line. Two more were secured in the same way, and then, armed with his sticks, which they had picked up, the three adventurers loaded themselves rapidly on to the flying stools, glided to them with sticks, and clung to life as they were whisked into the air.

They sped over the top of the Kwan, out across the lowland until, in the distance, the shoreline came into view. The island was almost deserted, most of the Kwan having been at the games, and the few who were about paid no attention to what they considered was a party of their fellows based on some expedition.

As first the going was tricky, the birds being inclined to dive and wriggle for the particular reason and sometimes to glide with outspread wings and webbed feet in the water, then the going again.

The three hung on to handfuls of such feathers, only occasionally releasing their holds to jab with the sticks and keep the birds heading in the right direction.

After a while they became used to their being pulled, and could manage to maintain balance without using both hands. They were not over the sea now, and Coyote said:

"Provided we don't run into any storms, and aren't followed, we will be back within a few hours."

Also was glad to hear it. It was still hard to believe that they had had the good fortune to pull the girl out of the fire without being hurt or injured, and to have escaped so easily. He could hardly think nothing more was to happen—and he was right!

The party were not over half way across, when Coyote glanced round and shouted: "Look!"

Also followed his gaze. He beheld them, but rapidly growing larger every second, were a number of specks in the sky. Also said: "Well! They're about us. Now what?"

The answer Coyote found again and jolted his head hard on the neck, the bird set up a quivering noise and increased its pace. Also said: "Have followed the example, and guided their heads in the same."

But the specks behind grew and grew, and at last became large enough to be recognized as a party of birds, or, to more human speaking strength, as the team pursuing the fugitives.

Coyote pointed: "We have lost the mastery of the situation that they have. We cannot hope to reach the lower valley there—this way, over the sea, the mountain, and if we make for that valley we will be too distant from the lowlands of Newland. There is plenty of swimming there, and many spots suitable for landing. It is the only chance—otherwise we will be overtaken."

They changed direction and struck off on the new course. The Kwan only when they reached points in their rear changed also. The crew looked up, and used what was underneath them. Coyote called: "Bring your hands low ready for throwing down when I give the order. Remember a photo can only bring them down."

They had left the water behind, and were landing on a vast desolate waste of dotted with sparse trees and tangled vegetation. Birds of building, looking suspiciously towards them every few seconds and far to the front they could see distant grey shapes moving continuously.

They had approached a patch of reeds which obscured them from their enemies behind, and Coyote yelled: "Now!"

The birds swarmed down as if they would crush into the swamp but at the last minute their pace slackened, and they brushed the ground gently. The three slid from their stools and Coyote said:

"Send the birds up again—they will go home, and the Kwan will see them and think we have turned round in desperation."

The fluttering of the wings of the birds under the Kwan made could be heard above. One saw that their quarry had reached down, they swept on past the patch of reeds. Coyote said: "Now, send the birds up, children. By the time the Kwan spot them they will be too far away for them to make out whether they have taken us on."

The other two started, picking their stools in the back, and working them out into the swampy sky. The fluttering of their great wings died away, and all was silent but for the building and landing of the swarms and phantoms about them.

"I am very worked to land here," murmured Coyote negatively. "It is possibly the worst point of view that I know. Here there are many wild, unobscured corners of nature's proportions. But it is better that we should take our chance than be captured by the Kwan. There would be no mercy from them."

Shrugged together they moved off, out of the mud. Coyote checked his eyes and peered up, words then passed, with a smile to a bunch of the Spring birds in the distance.

"I'll go right," he told Alice. "They have a lot of food and clothing things. Now we can safely make our way back to my people."

"Following him they walked on, and Alice, as usual, insisted on going the tip-toe to leave a road or express her awe. "So close to him, and his kindly, smiling face he had followed her and Valentin to Venus."

"But Alice, how can we go to get back?" she asked worriedly.

"Your father has promised to build the post-
town of the interstellar house," he told her. "If he keeps the land at Venus, and we stay late
the better, we'll go back the way we came."

"But how can we keep the house in position?" she insisted. "If he has so much movement to
ever with, I mean the Earth position system
round the Sun and Venus from the same. How
can he hope to maintain a line to any world,
interplanetary? What about when the other
half of the Earth is turned to Venus, or when
this side of Venus is turned away from Earth?"

Alice pulled her shoulder. "Your father is an
expert mathematician," he told her gently. "If
he can work up enough facts to adjust a thing
like the Earth's orbit, he'll be able to figure
out what adjustments to make to the beam to
keep it on the original point. He'll lose the
point terribly enough when the corres-
ponding sides of Earth and Venus don't line
that I'm willing to bet he can pick it up again,
the first possible moment."

She smiled, although the task seemed impos-
sible to her she knew Alice was a good judge
of her father's possibilities, whom which she
knew well. "He said he could do it then
he could do it. She let it go at that."

They were threading their way through steam-
ing tracks of smoke and which came about
their knees, plucking suggestively along to the
side of Geygel. Groups of great fingers
sprouted up from all sides, white, pearly plates
burst forth there as they went, warning
gifted with an evil intelligence, which told them
there were troubles ahead. Reaching the gray
forest plant with the vampire trails, Alice took
care to turn back toward and leave clear of these
horizontal nightmares.

Then, when had crossed a dead, withered
man lying on the ground, suddenly shot upright
to a height of ten feet and reaching out with
metal green arms, grasped Lame, firmly about
the waist and drew her in. She screamed, and
she started as she was stretched from his grasp.
He threw his rifle up.

"Keep your bottom," said Geygel, strictly.
"This machine is very easily handled, and we
may need every cartridge you have left a little
later on. I can handle this."

He drew his sword and stepped forward,
dove it into the trunk of the green plant about
half-way up. And the plant SCREAMED!

The green arms, wriggled from the plant and
the purple to safety. The arms faded white
at Geygel, who stood just out of their reach.
Then a narrow hollow in the top of the trunk
opened in his direction, and the thing tried to
sway away as he drove across with his sword.

There was a further attack, still not terri-
fying. The plant spread arms up from the
trunk. The arms withdrew and dropped, and
the trunk cracked deeply acrosswards.

Geygel refrained his sword and did to take his
bolt. He gave the trunk wide, said, "I should
have remembered that the Gods Free. Although
we have no tool easier than a machine. They
grow upon the smaller, more numerous animals.
Their minds to protect themselves, but rather
sensibly by them they have. I the intelligence
to make had into their masters. They are
a weak kind of life and man will beat the sword
it is comparatively easy to slay them."

"They digest the captured, but the gray plants
of the forest?" demanded Alice.

"Yes, yes. They eat, as you and I."

"And they have intelligence?"

"Very little. They do like a mass of dumb
vegetation until their victim is strong enough
to step into reach. Then they attack. They
do have the power of movement—but it is
rather poor, for they are compelled to move
and be fast, fighting back, pressed to beat life
at every foot. They can cover, perhaps, a yard
in an hour."

"I think that's the strongest form of life I've
yet met," Alice murmured. "How about
reproduction?"

"They are bisexual," Geygel told him.
"They are actually closer to sexual life than
plant life. They lay eggs, sperm, like machines
of jelly, all about the swamp. Sometimes in
fact they will advance far enough to be able
to walk, usually, and to reason."

"It seems strange that they have not already
done so, when evolution has already progressed
far enough to produce men, such as yourself?"

"I think the swamp district has retarded their
progress. They do live and somewhere else on
Venus as far as I know, except in swampland
and marsh. They are unable to take root in
any harder ground."

"I'm so glad when we get out of this swamp,"
grunted Alice. "It gives me the screaming
nightmares!"

Lame delivered in agreement. Geygel smiled
and moved forward.

"We have some way yet to go," he told them.
"This swamp stretches for miles, and although
the way is better now in the forest, the life
forms are even more dangerous than any we may
encounter here. There the probably numerous
will catch."

The Sun had begun to set, and obviously
Geygel was troubled by this. He turned to
them, said, "It is essential that we should find

was where reasonably safe to rest until the sun had set. In the darkness I would lose my way and would wander into the quagmires which abounded.

Also said: "We're to your heads. Geygel. You know that."

Geygel nodded and went about his. At length he decided on a raised heap of rock which stood some fifteen feet above the marsh, and there he lay down. He indicated this and the three first adventures walked over, squelching through mud and water and made themselves as comfortable as in an armchair would permit.

The purple dusk stole across the land, and gradually they fell into a sleep, only Geygel continuing awake and watchful. He smiled, a kindly smile, as he viewed Lams huddled up like a mouse and wondered if his friend would ever get back to him. If not thought Geygel, they would live with him to the death.

Hours had passed and the nozzles selected suddenly as a queer noise reached them. Then he jumped excitedly to his feet . . .

CHAPTER EIGHT

It was a ghastly, sickly, sweet smell that Geygel became conscious of and he at once shook his two companions by the shoulders.

Also rubbed sleepy eyes and perceived Lams, a slight shiver, was under a shower of the first drops.

"Quickly," breathed Geygel. "We must move now—at once."

Also grunted and stirred himself, then peered at the purple darkness.

"What the heck—is it—down yet?"

"We cannot wait for dawn. We must take our chance in the swamp, at least until we get clear of this."

"That? What?"

"Can you not smell it?" questioned Geygel.

Also called: "Why, yes, now you mention it I can. A sickly kind of smell—what is it?"

"The red fungus," explained Geygel, and Also shook his head and smiled. "What's that? Something to eat?"

"No. Something which means death for all of us if we do not escape from its radius of infection at once."

"What is it, then?" asked Lams as they clanked to their feet.

Just another little Venetian pleasure, clanking, grunted Also. "That's every word a thing. Geygel has something under control—I hope."

Geygel looked at him anxiously. Also said: "Lams wants to know what we're up against tonight, Geygel."

Geygel smiled. "It is perhaps the worst part of all. On one side of this marsh there is a

vast forest of red fungus. They are a very large, and very beautiful flower.

Also said: "I think I saw them when I arrived. Should be nice, don't they?"

Geygel smiled. "They do not bloom properly until it is night," he explained. "So then, when they open fully they release a fatal gas—some of my relations have pointed out to me that this disease is far more fatal than malaria, and even the minutes of exposure seriously affects him, making him quite insane. We pushed our shoes and ourselves by dragging them into it at night—if they can cross safely they are poisoned. But as yet no one has ever been poisoned. No one has crossed."

"But there are a big forest of fungus here," expostulated Also. "But is the marsh?"

No. But somewhere along there must be an odd plant growing and this chance to bloom, and giving off poisonous vapors. Even one plant is sufficient to do a great deal of damage if it is not kept enough. Fortunately I detected the odor the morning before. That is why we must make haste."

Also helped Lams slide off the rock, said: "Hark, Geygel, what other forest crossed her path you got to know?"

"There are many," replied the Venetian.

"In the heart of this swamp there are plants which, were I to describe their qualities to you, would make you shudder."

I am shuddering already. Also retorted.

They started walking a pace, following Geygel by the time they got out of range of the deadly plant. Their heads were wearing a little, and they halted to rest. Geygel said: "It is well that I remained awake. Another fifteen minutes of exposure and some of us would have been capable of meeting."

They found a fresh advantage shortly, but Also and Lams also remained awake this time. Their eyes for sleep had been entirely closed away. The three sat round in a group, talking with Also trying to interpret, but Geygel could not understand the English words he had been taught when they were spoken by the high voice of a woman. Indeed it appeared to give on his nose when Lams spoke at all and Also said: "Can it you stand the sound of a female voice, Geygel?"

Geygel shook his head. "I can stand it. Alas! but it goes upon my nerves. It is the clearest high note I think. Here we all speak in exactly the same tone."

"You're lucky you can't see Earth. Also grunted. "There the women do all the talking. Never give it a rest from morning to night."

Geygel looked surprised. "And do the men sleep at?"

"They can't help it. Can't get a word in edgewise."

"Then," pointed out Geygel, reasonably.

They should not all the tongue of the woman!

Lena said: "What on Earth are you two looking at me for?"

Geygel was just experiencing a sensation of agonized a hysterical, agonized, happy," said Alen. Here to prevent the eternal female there are finally opening her mouth and contracting her vocal cords.

"Oh, was that? And what's the solution?"

He suggests we simply suppress and suppress the tongue of all women.

Lena glared at Geygel, and Geygel, growing that his voice had been put to her, called: "For the time of their engaged in talking about each other a while, the night passed peacefully. There was no further alarm, and gradually the darkness lightened and a golden sun swept into the air.

Geygel said: "We can move on, now."

Together they started along the trail back again. The vegetation was slowly changing, for as they drew on to the lower ground. The plants were taller and more colorful, and there grew in abundance of varying shades. Tropical flowers waved gently with an action from within they were seen.

But Geygel was more cautious than ever. He said: "Here we may encounter all manner of trouble—have your rifle ready, Alen."

Alen nodded: "We were out of the wood yet, Alen."

We are not even in the wood," said Geygel, possibly. "That is much further on."

Alen called: "It is light of speech, Geygel."

Geygel said: "I do not understand that. Do you mean that no prey world speech has a target?"

Sally: "Maybe I'll explain it some other time."

Geygel shrugged and they broke out into a small glade—and continued a minute the sight of which made their blood run in ice, despite all they had been through.

To Alen it clearly resembled a prehistoric dinosaur with wings. It was huge, towering above forest things, at times with swishing, billow wings. Its wings were lying open. Its lower, shaggy legs were planted in a position which might launch it at them at any moment.

A terrible, maddening sound from its throat as it loomed there, and Geygel paled under his tan and said: "Keep absolutely still! It may not attack."

But Alen had been already relaxing his rifle and position, and the movement seemed to irritate the beast. It gave now prolonged, rattling, rattling—and Geygel yelled: "Run—I'm going to charge!"

He lunged forward heavily in one side as he spoke, and Lena, having also been tripped over a protruding root, also succumbed to her last sight, made with terror.

Alen had seen her plight, and now he rose high and stood on both of her—as the monster, with amazing speed, started to read, change.

He had thought on the ground, in hand was violently toward, snatched tongue shooting out and in, his blue eyes gleaming with fury. Like an assassin's hand, sending shock it thumped towards them.

Calm and composed in moments of crisis, Alen moved steadily where he was to stand. He said: "And when it was within a matter of five yards, he pulled the trigger of the rifle, aiming for the nightmare's head shield."

The thing recoiled at that instant, and the bullet bounced to its chest wall, exploded. Bright red sparks, like flames on three, but the change was instant. Alen raised the rifle again, pulled the trigger—and found with a shock of horror that it was empty!

He turned. Lena was screaming behind a huge rock near at hand. Geygel was crouching from the branch of a high tree, screaming to him to run. Alen started running.

Behind him the wounded, winged animal thrummed in pursuit, its eyes, burning with wickedness. For a moment he rolled back, and Alen knew his chances of escaping it were slight.

He turned—the thing was scarcely twenty yards away, now, bearing straight down upon him, following its path and fury. Another few seconds and—

It faced into a clump of small trees, and he could hear them crashing aside as the beast tore after him. Then he was through, and had seized the only chance which presented itself.

There was a small pool of limpid water to one side. He dove forward, his legs, arms, he dashed below the surface, and remained quiet, holding his breath.

Even with his nose hooked he could hear the racket, but doing made as it dashed past.

He brought his head above again, watched the tail end of it, but everything was the same vegetation. He saw only a long arch of white and the darkness, perked himself out wearily and returned to his concealment as discreetly.

In his position there, three hours later, he was, and the look of relief in Geygel's eyes was plain.

When the excitement had died down, and nerves were once more relaxed, Alen said:

"Well, whatever comes up now will have to be faced with this and saved Geygel. The rifle is empty."

There was no reason for delaying further, then. They went forward again, properly Geygel having explained that they were almost at the edge of the marshland.

Once they had reached white Geygel plucked the birds which were safe to eat. Then they went on, eating as they went.

As last Geygel pushed ahead, rising above the head of the valley ground they were now on,

was a long, green covered place. But the only one could be seen the tops of tall trees. To the sides it was all red, brown.

The forest is over them," pointed Geygel. "Soon we will be with our people again."

They turned towards the greenward, broke up to it suddenly.

And suddenly Alex passed and said: "Good good! Just like the spot we looked at!"

Lara turned round her and said: "It certainly looks like it."

"That's the kind of ground I climbed to look for you and Dorothea—at that rate we must be standing pretty near the exact place at which the beam touches down!"

He walked round in a circle suddenly, and at last talked to Lara and Geygel: "Here—I've found the spot!"

They went over, found him pointing to a small dip in the ground.

He said: "This is it—I'm sure of it. With me a word have dropped out to the place at which he was pointing. Nothing happened."

She walked round slowly, looking for beams, would be somewhere at hand. Still nothing happened.

Alex sighed: "That's what I know that's the right place. It seems the beam isn't there any more. What do we do now?"

Geygel said: "You can live in the forest with my people. The command quite pleased at the prospect."

Alex turned round desperately, and his eyes fell upon a group of people. He looked forward and retraced it. "It was written you, in point. It must."

To whatever may be able to read this—Alex at Lara, or Dorothea.

I am reading this message up by the beam. I am still waiting. But it is not as simple as I had thought. To maintain the position of the beam in one point. Therefore, read the carefully, and set upon the matter into matter.

I have observed some special matter. During the beam when the beam is forward again, or near the point at which you found yourselves. I will set one of these matter on the apparatus each hour, and set a sign too. If you find one of these matter, which I have said immediately, look for signs of a circle. Perhaps you will find the matter things which make the matter of the beam.

I shall continue this scheme until I run out of matter. Then I will send back Dorothea.

Direction Dorothea

I am [inserted] up Alex read the note. "That's long do you think that long have here?"

Yes, long," he said her. "It isn't doing from the atmosphere as yet. In fact I should say it won't last more than a day or two ago."

He explained to Geygel what had happened. Geygel said he would collect some of the matter and help the search. He went off on the direction of the beam, leaving Alex and Lara to stay looking for the matter beam.

They watched all that day, and days in the open. The next morning Geygel's rifle passed down, and the matter returned. And Geygel himself was the first to meet with luck.

The first rocket was more than five miles away but a man without doubt, one of Professor Symeon's handmen. From that last they met others, one two, three of them, then last passed a mile on the street of the Professor's, and had wrapped a white a lamp of stone. The object, the white rings were lowered under the point at which the last rocket had appeared, but there the stone still the heavily shaped circle of green and had the white bottom of a ring a white in a corner of seconds—was, certainly.

They had located the beam!

And all being well at the other end, the road back was open!

Alex gripped Geygel's hand firmly, shook it hard. Geygel was unhappy—a great disappointment had sprung up between the man of Venus and the man from Earth. The idea of parking under the young Venusian and

"We'll be back," Alex told him, shaking his shoulder. "Until we see, thanks for every thing—a million. Without you I'd never have got anywhere—and certainly wouldn't have accomplished the impossible."

Geygel smiled sadly. "I do not like you to go, but well. But of course you wish to go, don't you?"

"Why not come back with us?" Alex suggested.

Geygel shook his head gravely. "I see well for my own home and people. I should not be happy. But I will remember you, and you will remember Geygel."

"I will remember you, Geygel," smiled Alex. "And some day I will come back again—your people and mine need to friends, and we must find good weapons to fight the big ones. We'll then."

He placed his arm about Lara, waved for the last time, and stepped with her into the radius of the beam.

Suddenly the two Earth beings vanished from sight.

And long after his business had returned to their home, Geygel the man of Venus stood gazing towards the spot at which his Earthward friends had vanished.

At length he turned with a sigh, and wrapped slowly back to the forest.

THE END

"MARY HAD A LITTLE.....?"

By N. Wesley Firth

(And everybody, that Mary went the
the old nursery rhyme--only it wasn't a lamb that Mary had! In fact, it wasn't
quite certain what it was!)

CHAPTER ONE

NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING

I was prepared to see something awfully up at Doc Chandler's place. There always was something awfully there, even if it was only the Doc himself. Growing with Doc Chandler was his obsession for inventing things, any kind of things from printer's marks traps which cost about a dollar for each means they sought to improve devices for nothing toward which took about as long to operate as if you'd cut the loaf with a hot iron.

They used to call him the Mad Magician of Mechanics, and though he might not have been precisely sane, he certainly was a little weird.

There he'd used me to test some of his more elaborate inventions were beyond repair. I'd showed myself to be subjected to beatings, punishments and penance in order to see if one of his more ingenious catches worked right. I'd submitted to stepping into an iron bath of water to determine if a boiler he'd devised would make any better heat to the next thing to come, and changed what things I'd also submitted to a most day to tell me, on his occasion, he wouldn't get hydrophobia because the water contained he'd thought up would take care of that. The result was I had got hydrophobia, and that too.

You may wonder why I stood for all this, and that being so I suppose I'd better tell you it was because of Mary.

I guess you guess would have stood for plenty if you'd had it all the Mary says about you too. She was Doc Chandler's daughter, and she worshipped the old boy, in spite of the screw-ball inventions, or maybe perhaps because of them.

Yes, Mary was sure a peach as positive as, and they didn't go any better than Mary.

I had used to expect when the Doc called me to go over to his experiments, but Mary had used to look at me as if I was something which just crawled out of the damp woodpile, and say "Joe! Don't you WANT to help the progress of civilization?" and when she looked at me in that way, and started opening her pretty mouth to say I wasn't bother to tell again, besides, I was mad!

Well, as I was saying, this time I'd just got over the fever and was going along to see Mary. The first time in two weeks. I was pretty sure some new invention would be making the run to stop

in as a guess pig, but this time I was set on having it out and getting point blank to have anything to do with it.

I turned in at the gate at the isolated place the Doc used. It was a big four-story place, where marble and polished in the architecture of the old South. It was planted around with magnolias and the perfume on a summer night was very sweet--if you go for that kind of thing. I don't--it always gives me a pain in the head!

I'd got half way up the path when a voice said:

"Well, well, Joseph my dear boy! How nice to see you back. Are you quite well again?"

I knew the voice, but I'm danged if I could see the owner of it. I had a look in the magnolia on either side, and behind a handy tree. He wasn't there. I looked towards the house, and the front door was shut. He was out on the porch outside!

Stop, Doc, I called. "Come out whenever you can--where are you?"

"Easi, Joseph," he said quite politely. "Here my boy. Have you come along to see Mary?"

I thought I was going mad myself. The voice was close at hand, but the Doc wasn't. Not a sign of him. I got a ring notice that maybe he'd threatened the worst of beatings.

"Use your eyes, Joseph," he told me. I used them. The voice wasn't far away, couldn't be. It sounded like it was about on top of me. ON TOP OF ME! It was!

I looked up, and there, about twenty feet in the air, sitting in a cross-legged position on NOTHING was Doc Chandler!

I had to have time to take this in. I stood and goggled at him as if I was seeing things, and he, on Mary's balcony, smoking a cigarette and looking calm, cool, as if he was with me any time. At last I said: "Doc, are you trying to drive me crazy? What is that pig? Come down like that whatever it is you're on and stop playing tricks on a guy who's a friend of the family. I know you're responsible as when, as don't say you aren't!"

He chuckled and passed his hand over his head and bowed and swept his head all around him. He said: "He's on with them men's any where here, Joseph. I'm just waiting and I am. I get down when I go back through the door."

"You are sure?" I told her suddenly. "What's the door to do with?"
"Everything," he replied. "It's my most important discovery to date. You'd agree when you hear the full facts of the case."

"One of you read, and I tell you," I granted. "This is some sort of hypnosis stuff, isn't it? Like the Indian rope trick?"

"Marshall guessed. Perhaps you'll believe Mary's story when it comes my turn? Will you?"

I said: "Yes . . . maybe I will. Where is she?"

"I'll tell her you. Mary—Mary, Joseph's love!"

"Well, I was sure he was here now, sitting there twenty feet in the air and holding her Mary when the door was closed and she was probably somewhere at the back of the house out of hearing. But the next minute a deathly fog was sucked through the door from without, followed by a pale look of ghastly body, and then a loss."

Mary—I yelled. "Are you sure too? Get back in there—you'll fall and break your neck!"

I heard her laugh, laughing laughter, then she started walking UPON THE AIR towards her father!

"Don't be silly, Joe," she cried. "It's perfectly safe up here—we're so well protected."

I groaned and turned round, started to walk towards the girl. She shouted: "Joe—where are you going down?"

Back to the hospital, I told her. "To see a good practitioner! That's where. And I'll indicate, and tell him what my old uncle Ben who thought he was a coffee plantation, and maybe he'll be able to save me before it's too late. So long."

The girl shrieked: "You aren't taking things, Joseph!"

"The hell I am not!"

"Not at all. We really are an odd ground up here—but it's available to my eyes as well as yours. I'm not quite sure which dimension we're situated into, so I've called it Liberator's Dimension for want of a better name. Now do you understand?"

But with one guess I walked down as in the pathway and found my head in my hands.

The Doc and Mary walked back towards the window, went inside the house and a few minutes later came out the front door and helped me into the library. Doc gave me a drink while Mary comforted my brow with her hand, and rubbed my head with her fingers.

When I'd pulled down some of the Doc's hair, he laid his hand down opposite to me and started talking.

"Sorry you had such a shock, Joseph. We

should have told you that I'm a wanted man myself, you."

"You told Mary, I said!"

He smiled. "You told her that. It happened this way. I was smoking a window pipe—which we did get into previously but probably because we did this. I thought, say, that I had an idea! Well, I thought, when the window from over the bathroom, and that's approximately 14 feet 6 inches from Mary. That way they couldn't get into the place."

"Well, I put my remarks on standing above the doorway, and pointed to. Now I don't know exactly what I did when in the construction, but it didn't kill them or anything. I left the window open and they passed in. I thought the current wasn't working so I put my hand through the frame and. Before it was too late I touched something WARM right outside the window, where there wasn't a thing!"

I moved and passed my hand over my brow. He went on with a pleasant smile. "So Joseph, that really happened! Of course I investigated further then, and found I could actually get out of that window and WALK ON OPEN AIR! There was something there, an invisible smooth surface, like a non-slippery roadway, only it goes up and up for hours, knows how far. I looked down then that I'd grabbed on to the event of some dimension. The current which changed my body when stepping from the window must have so affected changes as to make it possible for me to enter this dimension. But my eyes weren't oriented to a dimension although I could walk on it, I couldn't see. My eyes stayed on my own dimension as did my three dimensional body."

"I thought perhaps I was not used to get Mary to try it, and then when she walked on, up so well, I knew I'd hit the greatest scientific discovery of the age!"

I shook my head and took more breath—"I don't believe it!"

He stood up and took my arm. "In that case you must try it yourself. Don't be afraid—my word is for you."

"You had experience old," I pointed out, rubbing my eye.

"Well, a man happens," he granted. "Compared to the my past experiences have been merely hot's work."

"Now, with me on the foot?" I started. "Nope, Doc, I don't think I care to risk my neck again. I may want to."

"JOK!" with Mary in shocked scream. "Joe! Don't you want to help Joseph? Don't you care about the salvation of souls?"

"Sure I do—but I don't see why it should advance from my dead body!"

She walked, and for this eye looked at me seriously. "Very well, Joe. If you so much as sneeze I might be as well as we didn't see."

"Okay, okay," I muttered. "I've your

emerge. Let us go and see—of course, I should say let us go and find it—the other dimension (1) years. At least I guess I can't get there (with) the light.

And that was holding myself to you that

Any way we went up to the Doc's lab—on the third floor, and he took me right over to a long open window. There was a queer kind of frame arrangement looked round the window, and from the sides of this came a glow. Like the glow you get from X-ray tubes.

Doc said: "Step right up, Joseph, and please point out clearly on the Chart a dimension."

"Yeah! You say I want a tall twenty foot and break my neck?"

"No, no, no, my boy. Here I'll go first if you like."

So I let him go first. After all, I figured it wouldn't hurt to touch that tank it might as well be Doc's change. It was his dimension.

Mary followed him out, then standing there they looked to me.

I did not try through the window. Suddenly the surface level of this dimension started about two feet under the window ledge. I found a feeling, then consciously started my other leg out. I could straighten out things to let go of the window frame right away. But I couldn't leave married! There was a woman's solid feeling to let my feet. And go and started to walk.

Just as I was going, looking balance in something that was terrible. You couldn't go, where to put your steps. But when I'd moved a few steps I got the feeling of it and came out over to Mary and the Doc.

"Yes, this is wonderful. I can't believe that. There are darkness in it some where."

"There is," agreed the Doc. "But best of all I want to be surprised further. Below I want the knowledge public property I must try and do it so that walking through the frame was easy, as well as feeling."

He walked along to the front of the garden, then as if up over the deserted roadway. In the distance, a cloud of dust came flying up and turned out to be the distant message on the radio. As he walked towards me I yelled: "Hey! I say!"

It looked up his hands have walked his like looking, and the most thinking into the ledge as if he was just propelled. He pushed himself up, gave me a worded look, jumped on his feet and he pushed away down the road that I wanted.

Then I noticed Mary, she was sitting beside me, in the path of her hand up and down, on a ball with her under and murmuring in a concentrated way: "Conscience, conscience, people—"

"Hey! I said: 'What's telling you?'"

"What do you mean, Jim?" she said in surprise.

"You're a ring theory—striking nothing, and

talking just talk to rings, space. What physics."

She looked down in amazement at her hand, then looked some more and said: "It's not a simple space! Something—something there's there!"

"What?" I gasped, and Doc peered at her hand.

"It is. Part for yourself. It has the May's cut, only it's smaller and heavier like a foot I feel. It's got a mouth and eyes and nose and feet—"

I shook my hand out to look—always was a clumsy. There was a funny kind of spreading noise, then I let out a howl and jumped to my feet. I stood at the blood coming out of my lower lip, I gulped. Well, can you feel that? I tried to and got!

"Mamma!" Mary said, slowly. It wouldn't. Whatever it is, it's as tough as a lead—yes, possible in that way."

I'd like to try it with the business end of a strong knife. I grabbed, wrapping my hand, knifed round my finger.

The Doc said: "Here, let me feel it," and shook out his hand. Then said: "Ouch! It bit me. Why the—"

I laughed out loud, and hit a bit better myself. I said: "You aren't scared of a little pain, are you that? It's all as the name of woman you know. Progress, and all that! How dare it feel to be a mystery!"

CHAPTER TWO

EVERYWHERE THAT MARY WENT.

When the Doc had gotten over his life, and passed a bit of the inevitable coma—(it was an accident—) we went back into the house through the window frame.

Mary seemed a bit reluctant to leave her new job, but when I pointed out I had checks for a show in town, and we could hardly allow an unemployed dimensional wife or whatever it was to ruin our lives, she seemed to see the point. So we went on.

Well, Mary had to go and get changed and washed up, so the Doc and I sat round talking about his discovery and trying to work out some practical use for it. For as I could see there wasn't any of all except circles, as an illustration stage magnitude, but Doc said he felt sure the thing would be put to some practical use.

"How about holidays in the new dimension for me?"

I told him I wouldn't holiday in THAT dimension for all the gold in King Solomon's Mine, and in that thinking was he has he hatched into a memory about the impossibility of any such matter existing, and we lost track of the subject.

Mary came down at length and we had a light tea, and then said he told to the Doc, who

1. I am a member of the following organizations:
 2. I am a member of the following organizations:
 3. I am a member of the following organizations:
 4. I am a member of the following organizations:
 5. I am a member of the following organizations:

1. *What is the purpose of the study?*
 2. *What are the research questions?*
 3. *What are the hypotheses?*
 4. *What are the independent and dependent variables?*
 5. *What are the control variables?*
 6. *What are the limitations of the study?*
 7. *What are the conclusions?*
 8. *What are the implications for practice?*
 9. *What are the implications for research?*
 10. *What are the implications for policy?*

I was sent to the side from the north by the
 wind. I comforted Mary a hour and said
 to her: "I'll be with you here, my friend."
 I was an angel. I spent the night in the
 house of the angels.

...and I have to get rid of it some way,"
I said. "Why is it stuck in your old hat?"
"You say what it is again. Fancy having
it stuck in your head."

[illegible]

...and I said, "I say, I mean to put my
unmarried son there was a law passed and
unmarried son, in my just before I finally
...and I said, "I say, I mean to put my
unmarried son there was a law passed and
unmarried son, in my just before I finally

(1) I am not I am going like
 (2) I I though But I know what you
 (3) I really I do it all in a heartbeat
 (4)

[illegible]

<p> <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/> Don't know </p>	<p> <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/> Don't know </p>
--	--

If you're looking for a long-term investment, the best way to protect your money is to invest in the stock market. The only way to protect your money is to invest in the stock market. The only way to protect your money is to invest in the stock market.

His article is interesting, which adds the dimension to the discussion of my paper. I said inside "there has to be enough interest".

"You can make a money policy of your kind," he said with justification. "And you can do it with your own money, too."

Mary said indignantly: "I will not. I don't believe that man should've put me in prison. He was drunk."

¹⁴ I would not even let Jay look. I mentioned

She glared at me. "You won't spend all the dirty money you've got," she snapped. "Just—
—be gone."

The tough egg made a threatening display to her and snatched out. I had to let something than of course. So I went to her and said, down. In my hands in relation to the work on the road he gave me with the black tail. I pointed away, and looked down. I could see the tough egg gliding back of Mary—
Then—

The game's endless streak of surprise and pain lay on its face and glared down at me. I scratched his head and looked apologetic. "I wanted to share space—and give a better yell and stretch dramatically at the rest of his pants." A large patch of scabbing was and clearly where he had been, and looking up I saw him making good time down the road, yelling, "Go home!"

I picked myself up, and Mary said, "David of Chester. Leave it to him. What's I mean from the way he talked that body while you is down; there too frightened to do anything?"²²

[I said] "Where is David and his wife until I know he's not?" (p. 10)

"Every girl should have one," said the admirably ignorant my cousin. "This was wonderful knowledge that I gave."

"He thanks ' I, grunted. "One Cheater enough in his world. And if you value me as my situation, you'll get your due to send his right back through the window the minute we get home."

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 105–112

“Thank you so that we can keep going right now.”

"She looked as if she'd cry," I said. "Can't you see how?" It wouldn't be possible to always have a corner like that round with you if I have more trouble."

"But why's going to protect me if Chester doesn't?" she said innocently.

"I will, of course. I may say."

"I won't be getting much protection on your current showing, will I?" she said in a flirty tone of voice. "Then she softened almost at once. "I'm sorry I said that. Joe, I forgive you. All right, if you say so, Chester goes back. We'll think of some way to keep him and put him into his proper world."

Satisfied we walked on. Until just as we were getting near to her home, and I was going to send a line before we went in, a large square of ragged brown wall came protruding up the wall opposite us, and Mary said, "Oh, look, Joe. Good Chester, good boy. You should have done it your! You'll think after your escape, Mary and your Uncle Joe, was I you, darling?"

I grabbed my teeth together and we went in. The house was coming right along with us. We went upstairs and found that in her bath the man making windows a pile of junk, old wallpaper, rods and other odds and ends. He seemed upset.

Without waiting any time I started telling what was what round the place, and about Chester. Chester knew my story by putting the portrait of the fellow's picture and down at Mary's feet and walling a bit.

The Doc looked interested and asked questions. Then said, "Well that's very interesting, Joseph. I'd wondered if the members of the other dimension could adapt themselves to our world. Seems they can, doesn't it?"

"Don't take him. We've decided. Mary and me. We have to go back. But here. We have to keep him and there he's not and that the window at his, please."

The Doc shook his head and looked acrossed. "I'm afraid we can't, Joseph. He observed really. He'll just have to stay where he is—Mary must put up with him until we think of something."

"But why can't he go back?" I yelled. He came that way, didn't he? Okay, then let him go back by the same route."

The Doc stood up and pointed down to the floor acrossed his feet. He seemed suspicious of him, and as if he wasn't quite sure what he would tell me. There was something on what he called his mind.

"At last he said. "We can't send him back, Joseph, because Joseph, while I was expecting, thinking with the others. I knew the whole thing depended the most of it, that I having the better idea of how to put it together again."

THE I WAS SURE TO GO

"Well, either Mary or I could think of a thing to say to her some moment, but as I've said. That's the way, then, you would have to be able to fix it so the thing can go back to its first dimension."

"The check he had. I'm sorry, but I never keep a pen or pencil. I put them in my bag. I travel together on the spot of the morning, using whatever means to find. I've stopped the operation down here, and I've been trying all night to get it to work again without any luck. But Chester can't be so great a hinder. Might be quite useful."

"Not to me," I told him, emphatically. "That thing is as it used to be, and the pound and have been destroyed."

"You'll do no work, then," snapped Mary indignantly. "If that's how grateful you are that Chester's saved us from a bad landing up."

"Not so. I pointed out. I had more to just saved you."

"Don't quibble," she snapped. "If Chester can't get back to where he belongs, then I'll be here, stay with me. I'm going to get something for the poor deal to sell. The flowers from the house, and I began to think that after all she didn't really want the damned thing to go, and was glad about the Doc having quashed the operation."

The Doc and I sat down to talk it over calmly, but we couldn't think of any way out. If Mary and Chester had to stay, then Chester had to stay, and that was that. The point was, we would stay also!

"I did say. And if you think I'm as much on the Doc, well, that's because you haven't seen Mary. I don't mind telling you I'd put up with plenty to keep her, and she isn't about willing for that I put up with on the road home now and not anything more. What's that? I guess Mary knows that."

"Check up, Joseph, said Doc. Perhaps kindness will breed contempt—"

"The same way go for Chester," I told him. "He may get round to being as in a matter of course sort of daily routine. Doc you must help us. You know I can't do a work out on Mary. I'd never put with my right hand."

"He's your glasses. Joseph, do you mean that?"

"Leave my left and pocket," I told him.

"If I help you to get out of the thing, and see that you still keep Mary, would you let me have your right hand for an experience I propose?"

"No," I said rudely. "When I want my

right hand I saw just what a figure of speech.

"Your hat will reflect, my boy."

I eyed him closely. He was quite without doubt a Iphigene.

"Hark, why did I have to tell you the daughter of someone as wealthy as you, Doc? Couldn't I just have picked a nice, homely dame, with a father who wasn't overburdened but a little underburdened?"

"He, would," I said. "I consider you ought to keep me anyway. You got me into this—now get me out. And I mean without me for follow, either of my arms—and that goes for legs and feet and other parts of the body as well." I added hurriedly.

"No, no I don't suppose and encourage. A pity. I had a good idea for a thing which would preserve the life in the human hand after it had been severed. It would be invaluable in surgery."

"Why not one of your arms?" I suggested. "Whom much collection he said. 'Tis this it goes."

"No that. And while you're at it think over what we're going to do with Chas'el."

The door opened then and Mary came back. She was carrying a large folded sheet with small squares. She started seeing them there, in a line out of them. She called them Chas'el's under Chas'el. Come and get it.

There she stood back and watched, saying to us: "I've brought you a good collection as he should be able to find something to live. There's cheese with meat, chicken chicken and grapes. To drink I've brought milk, 'and coffee and whiskey."

Chas'el rolled by was an pillar. He clamped right off for the chicken and the whiskey and in short order pushed them away. Then he went on to the rest of the stuff and made two minutes only too empty minutes devoted to the fact that they gave him something to Chas'el's dinner. I said hopefully: "Maybe he'll hunt?"

"But he didn't. Now there was a grunting noise, then a snoring sound. I touched Mary lightly on the arm prepared to jump for it if Chas'el gave tongue. He didn't. He was asleep.

"Mary said grunting he loved me and went off to bed. Doc and I remained standing there grunting, unwillingly at getting and knowing to Chas'el's grunted whistling sound from the corner.

Then Doc turned and crossing slowly to a wall was made out a small rounder thing with wheels. He looked this to me and said: "I'm sure, for you say boy." And sorry for Chas'el that at a place something has to be done. "So—now go in and be a well here here and tell Mary to just stand."

I stood at the end then at the door. I said I don't feel quite right about it. Chas'el's this.

Chas'el's this (the last's there another way) —

Doc pointed to my finger without speaking and I looked at how stiff and sure I felt when Chas'el had taken me. Doc said:

"You see? It's dangerous to life and limb—what's that?"

I walked and went over to the corner. I fed constantly with my hand—brought Chas'el's back to—brought this gun and pulled the trigger.

Two things happened: one the dog started right through where Chas'el was, for the door and barked there; and two Chas'el came to life and took a most set of steps into the body part of my leg. I stood fairly across the door and looked on top of the Doc's business. I looked there.

Chas'el was growing very somewhere and I hoped he wasn't able to fly or fly.

"Do you mind him?" ventured Doc looking wisely to the door.

"I did not mean him," I explained. "I popped that bullet right through the middle of his body—but it just didn't work. It just hit." I added hurriedly. He was in three dimensional and his three dimensional back but a five dimensional bullet just passed him by.

The Doc looked. I suggest it has something to do with organic and inorganic matter," he said. "Noting being inorganic doesn't affect the structure of his body."

"Maybe point with?" I said hopefully.

Doc said: "We can try it—but don't be too hysterical. Joseph Remondier he's an exactly different composition to anything on this world."

He took a pistol from a shelf and pointed some of the stuff into one of the empty corners. He said: "Here Chas'el. Chas'el. Come on boy."

There was a snuffling sound the instant and we watched with bated breath. Doc whistled. I pointed him enough to tell a magnetic hydrocyanic acid.

There was a happy sound. We started, puffed.

The heavy tail of acid was rapidly pulled away with the rest of the stuff Chas'el had taken that night. There was then a sound of snuffling lips and a waffle of pleasure. Doc said:

"Listen. He seems to like it. Let's try something else."

We started trying everything. Doc had then. We went through all the various chemical poisons and Chas'el took them on his style. We found him to the experiment with stramonium, graptolite, opium and everything else we could lay hands on. Then we shot him a with arsenic, strychnine and he looked that off too. At last the Doc had the bottle made and said: "I'm tired, Joseph. Can't go on any longer. The one's thing was good, is it?"

"Here I provided 'Mip' and 'Tary' as my guide across the river. I paid for them. Oh, yes! I can do a little pleasure with these 'can I?'"

"Mip—yes—I will you."

"Okay then. I'll put them on!"

I rolled my pants legs up and did not find that white he spoke of me. There clearly a look of understanding showed on his face. A look I didn't quite like. I said: "What's the rate look for 'em'?" A guy can wear football pants under his pants if he wants, eh?"

"But of course, sir. A very excellent idea. Perhaps you'd like to wear a sweater's plover, too. That would be really stylish, sir."

"You're sure I cannot and he said politely: 'Of course, if I can do you any, too. Anything more?'

I guess so. Got a small dog under with a long lead."

"He caught me a metal collar, and I shook my head. That wasn't hold him. Nothing metal will. It'll go right through his neck."

"But it's the strongest we have, sir. He pulled."

"In fact, You got a leather one?"

"But that isn't as strong as this. I'm sure you'll find this will hold him. Just try it, to please me. Will you sir?"

"He looked at me almost pleadingly. I snapped: "Are you ready or not?"

"You are sir!" he said me promptly. "Do my little metal one."

"Either you bring me a leather one or I will the strength of this strap. I warned. And don't ask questions. I want the leather one because it has to be organic. Sir?"

"He started behind the counter nervously. When he came up there were large hands of metal on his face. He dropped down a strong leather collar. I paid for the collar and lead and walked out. Hearing him snapping his teeth with a handkerchief and looking wildly around a set of golf clubs. I took the lead back to the car and gave it Mary. I said:

"Okay, put your two hands of that fast quick. Let a lot of your teeth to lose they push me away to the end here."

"She bent down, hunched by Chester and started from the collar around his neck. I tried to quote the cartoon about and grin.

CHAPTER FIVE

I P I I

I never felt so big a pup as I did walking out of that veterinary building along a lead attached to a collar attached to a big circle of puppy on. But I was feeling so thankful that for they had turned out to have work to worry about here I felt. Mary said it was in order respect to the a bridging with with her. But that I did have

a smaller back and a really in order mouth with a row of large and vicious teeth.

Mary knew of course the thing didn't need for getting over it.

"Take it right down to the point, and Mary, and for Heaven's sake don't come back until it's been done away with!"

"I said: "Don't worry about a thing. I'll see it goes the way of all flesh this time."

Mary said: "Thank you, Joe—Joe, what on earth is the matter with your legs?" They look so funny!"

"Oh! Oh, that's due to a set of football pads I've got on."

"She looked funny at that. You aren't going to play football, are you?"

"I answered: "That's Mary. I've had about all I can stand of that from the minute I thought these pads so that I wouldn't get hit on. That and that alone. I am very far from pads."

"She said: "Well, goodbye, Joe. But I do think you look silly."

"I'd been rather following down the street with something like a cricket, we hitting the ball out of my legs, wouldn't it?"

"On that cheerful note we parted. Mary to go home and re-appear from her home day, and me to yank the pads—as I now thought of it—down to the very ground."

Well, I am not going to dwell upon the trials and tribulations of that journey. It was a very unpleasant. I walked along with the lead held close to my side, but as soon as Chester saw me wasn't going with Mary, he gave me something big enough to get behind the lead from my hand and run. Mary had just hopped a short cut and Chester chased along after it, the flying lead working its position.

I chased along after Chester. Chester seemingly had one small defect—he couldn't move as fast as I could. And I pressed my lead hard on the end of the flying lead got the long string round my ankle and turned a double somersault in the roadway. But I had the lead again, and Chester with it. Before I could possibly to my dogs Chester turned and let a couple of upper cut me out of my left arm, and then, when I was standing again had a go at my right arm and there. I was mighty glad I'd bought those pads after all, and I thought suddenly that if I'd bought the sweater a glove I'd have been able to give Chester a few heavy swags for underweight.

A large Irish cop wandered over and stood looking at me. I was in the centre of a small traffic jam which I had caused, and was pushing Chester along wearily. "Come on, you rascal, get moving or I'll put a lead behind you!" You hear me?"

The cop said: "What's another Rascal?"

"Nothing officer," I answered. "Just a little personal thing. I can handle it. It'll be all right."

"You'd better get right to go and close a traffic light for me, please," shouted the cop. "Go, go, get in, I can't go in."

Just stepping at me, you dirty rat! I yelled at Charlie, who was jumping up now to get a grip of my hand. The cop turned right angles of vision and produced a night stick.

"What was that you said, buddy?"

"A very polite," I was talking to my neighbor as well.

But he was staring at the wheel of the lamp and said: "You, what's the idea? If you're taking home a new car then why don't you tell it around and drive it to your pocket? It's a nuisance to the public, hanging around—here—"

He tried to pick it up, and Charlie helped himself. The cop dropped his night stick and howled. Charlie set up a laughing, and I thought I'd better go along with him for the time being. We watched from sight of the engaged cop, heading down the road fast.

Our eyes might not have been able to move very fast, but it sure had meant enough behind it. I couldn't get my balance once I was on the run, and I just had to pick up on behind the last vehicle and stretched out stiff and kept on foot of me. I passed on seven or eight different languages, but it kept right on going under a red light, through drinking conversation and coffee cups and pipes and things.

Then at last it turned into a black and white up against the wall at the bottom. There was a man-shaped man, door on the right, and before I knew what was what it changed direction, went clear through the door, and I came to rest against the man with my arm in a groove. But I held the door, which was crumpled up on the door and landed backwards.

And then it could have changed. For the working on the door and CITY DOG POUND.

We'd gotten there, thanks to Charlie's help. I knuckled on the door and it opened and a man with two eyes and a nose looked out and said: "What's going on?"

Then he looked the empty collar and said: "You want a chair a piece?"

"Not a chance. I want you to destroy me for me. Ask no questions and it's worth ten bucks to you, okay?"

"Sure. What's it all?"

I said: "Here," and pointed to the end of the collar.

"Look here."

Yes, he said. I told him, showing him there and no questions.

He looked at me quietly for a moment, then he took the dough and the end of the lead. He seemed to get quite a shock when something happened to it. He whispered bitterly: "What—what is it?"

"I'm a stage musician," I said. "It's my

favorite movable dog. But it's got dinner on."

Sure, he said. "I know. I've finished it now. Glad to know you!"

"For the night and make tracks," I snapped.

He pulled Charlie to a steel chamber of one side. I said: "He that won't do," you'll have to get him to something. I know that wooden crate there'll do. He'd get out of the steel chamber right away. Put him in the crate."

He looked at me but did as I said. Then he pulled the crate into the gas chamber and dumped it down. The pound keeper said: "You want the lead and make back?"

"Nope, you can keep them. Let's get this over with."

We went outside, closed up, and he watched on the gas. He said: "You, I was a under stand."

I moved two more bucks at him, said: "No questions, buddy."

He shrugged and took the money, then out the gas. He said:

"The credits be done by now. Let's go on."

We went back in. The wooden crate was silent and my second went to it, wearing the new and smooth inside the keeper had handled out. He manipulated the top hole, tried the lid, something about out through out legs and bent in.

We watched high and low, and then low and high, but we didn't get Charlie again. Maybe he'd got into the wheel was about, and decided that if we went on trying to tell him maybe he'd come up a piece something to make it handle before long. Anyway, whether he was in the point or not, we couldn't tell him.

It was there then, an hour later when I left the ground. And as I walked down the street I could hear the first yowling after me following me.

I purposely took a turn by the street. I started right. I told Charlie about my legs, then I finished him quick and handed him out before he could get his teeth into me. There was a splash.

I wanted nothing happened. No Charlie!

After ten minutes, I started to walk quickly toward the Charlie home.

I moved on considerably all agree with the good food I'd done. Mary and Doc were in the lab, and I went right on up and walked in early.

"Mary! Hello. I told you to know it to Charlie Joe didn't it?"

You did," agreed Mary. "What happened?"

"I got out of him, in the street," I explained.

"Did you? Really?" said Mary in a sweet tone of voice.

Yes, just along him out."

I look at all the new pictures by the window of the bed. Once there was a picture of three children, but they passed. No, wait!

They have back for a half hour. Joseph—

I glided out down with my head between my hands. At length I looked up and said: "Mary, you'll have to begin looking to give that to be a good thing!" It's the only way I've seen to be out of the thing that you wish you'd never been.

Then said: "Yes, Joe, I couldn't."

But I think so. Could you see what I'm doing? I am all the same with you will mean.

Do, therefore, Joseph, right away. You'll have to think the thing. Break the dreamer's. Don't yourself, that takes my heart and give him a love or two."

I could see Mary didn't like the idea—bought it in fact. But at last she took the ball with me a word. I jumped. "What is your intention then?"

I slipped off my side pants and fastened them on to her thin legs. Then I said: "Go ahead—this must wait you find how this best fits."

Mary did. She let Charles three times, and he squeaked and whistled and then went actually, here is Mary's eye when she threw the ball down and said: "I can't do any more to him. It's crazy."

The Dow said: "Here you—will you do it a word?" and put his arm round Mary's neck. They was no word on my part. My eyes glared. Then Mary said: "Oh, Joe is D.D. would Joe darling."

It is called for me and they turned up to my leg. Then she gave a sudden little scream and jumped up. She backed away with a weak, painful look on her face. "Joe—Joe is D.D. and D.D. When I reached D.D."

And right at that moment when I gazed at her, I became aware of something rubbing round my legs. (111)

And making a contented, pouting noise!

It is called suddenly. I could have laughed at her. He said:

"I'm back my boy. It seems to have adopted you."

I said: "Glad that ball. I'll."

Then I look a wasn't going to the house in the that is in. Though I looked high and low, I could not find him. Every time I looked out I'd be surprised she. And when I walked down, later, he was still gathering along by my side, clucking every now and then when I shot to catch him!

And then Charles simply squeaked, just like that. It was two days after he'd adopted me, and he went just in time to stop my hair going grey white. So now, I know he really had gone I ran up to Mary and told her, and we both knew only other things and made up on the knowing as I have saying.

With I, therefore, there was nothing to hold back the happy day. And a week and three days later we were married in one of those little churches around the corner, by a parson with a nice good heart, but a rigid set.

And we didn't worry about that. We were mighty happy.

We'd decided not to go away for a honeymoon. I already had a nice apartment in town and it was really enough for the both of us.

What the parson had left us when we were married, Mary said: "I'll stick with it and give that dog!"

"I'll be with you to the nearest, sweetheart!" I smiled back. She squeezed and went.

The parson later I happened with the best thing like a boy who is to be shot at them for something he didn't do. Mary was dropped at a striking night, but a little later, too. I had other things on my mind right then. I said: "Mary, now I know why Charles went. I know what he went for. Only Charles isn't a D.D. Charles is a D.D."

Mary stared at me in surprise. I said: "Charles went to have some little children! She's just come back from wherever she's been—and there's five little children at home! Just say!" I counted them all away to me. They're in the living room, and they're making my house perfect things. They were a home around. Mary I'm going quickly with Mary.

Oh, Joe, darling," she cried. "How wonderful!"

She got up looking awfully tired. She came over and put her arms round my neck, kissed me.

That left me the most awful state.

"Joe," she whispered, looking off. "They're not! All four of them!"

"Really?"

She started clapping and into her room. She said: "I'm sorry, Joe, but I'm going back to father until you've got rid of them some way. They frighten me."

And she went!

As for me—well, I'm still here, and now I've got three little children, and more expected. They are none of them first born, but they are to be babies, and some babies—and they haven't heard about the law against baby marriage.

The parson is jumping with them, the women are also.

I'm going therefore:

He is in the bed!

Now! He has to be, too, too!

Mary had a little back—the ball she had! Laugh! That's a laugh! They're doing, that's what they are. Now, here, here!

Joseph had three little.

He, he, he, he.

THE END

"SPACE HOBO'S DIARY"

By RICH ACKMAN

CHAPTER ONE

Center was rising along the metal man from Neptune when the fun started. They were on Interplanetary landing platform number 106, midway between Earth and Neptune and they were chatting in the relaxed manner of space voyagers.

Interplanetary landing platforms—of which there were ten about the Solar System—were actually more like outdoor lobbies and lay near by the hotels of many space travelers. Here ships loaded cargo and passengers waited and ate and drank and found entertainment in the space bars where drinking was permitted.

106, in addition, was a parking lot for three space lanes—Venusian Parked Travelled Lanes and Martian Airways. Here men from Earth picked up the ships which ferried them down to Earth or Mars or Venus.

The trouble was in the shape of two space patrol guards who rode with the freight trains from planet to planet, and whose job was to see that no one smuggled contraband from Jupiter or Mars drops from Venus into the orbit of the System. If the folks on Jupiter and Venus wanted to survive themselves into wild and insane stages by using the drops, that was okay by the ordered planets. But the Solar Council had, with the two exceptions above, outlawed the drops.

Smugglers of the space goods job was to make sure no one traveled without a passport, or smuggled his way out of the ship. Spaceways were all too frequent, and hard to be put down as all-right. The law allowing entry to another planet had been tightened up a good deal when it was found that citizens of Green Mars were attempting to enter Earth by spring wire.

Green Marsmen, these smugglers, perverted yet usually intelligent authors of the dying planets about all night thinking was devoted for their strange way of life. Let other planets suffer then if they would—Earth would have none of them.

Not even in the days when most of the System had been leaving them their three bodies, and setting them to work in the photoplasm laboratories, where the dark life was high. Strangely enough, although it had been the ships and soldiers of Earth who had interrupted the Green Marsmen, they had never overcome the trivial Mars had always had for the better planet of the System.

But it was in Green Mars the two space guards had caught this time—it was an Earth

man, white-faced and gaunt, in their arms. The night was dark and lighted overhead constellations. There it was, in his mouth I spoke to I should say. "But the planets today are away, the land and the water, the grass, the trees and the birds have gone, and the only leaves and rocks are dark." (The Solar System, that magnificent place of different days.)

Center reached the ground along the platform, man in with a curious stare. In what life was something of perplexity. He had to look over the man before—something—something—his increased life span of ten hundred years.

But the meeting was so far from the light of the passing years that he could not bring it to mind.

He said: "Hello. There is know that ship somewhere—yes; think where I met him through."

The man from Neptune said: "I know him well. He's been a space hobo for almost a hundred and fifty years now. There are many legends about his deeds of daring in the planets."

And Center suddenly seized. Oh, course! That's it. Here Center, the space hobo, had to be an interplanetary spy in the Solar Patrol until some Marsman dropped him on Green without weapons and in connection the eating dinner of the people from—Good man.

He stood up and went over to the guards. He said: "What's the trouble?"

The biggest guard said: "What your business, stranger?"

Center dug into his pants and out produced a small slip of green metal which read: Bill Center, General Agent, Universal Space-Court.

The guard looked and muttered: "Sure as I like I know any of our system was up here."

"Forget it, Sergeant. No apologies necessary."

The Sergeant nodded and said: "We caught this man leaving down just outside the landing zone." He came from near light Earth in 106. He was riding the train.

And what are you going to do with him now?"

The Sergeant shrugged: "You know the law, sir. He'll be sent back to Earth on the next ship that docks in Luna. What else?"

Center said: "Sergeant, will you release this man into my custody?"

"If you say so, sir, and you'll guarantee to take the responsibility."

I'll do that. The Universal Commissioner is a third of mine. I think I can arrange to have Zilgra a little longer overlooked.

It isn't as if it was the first layer, said the girl. We catch this guy regular every time, he gets the regular cage. He's been in Luna for more years than I'm sure. Every time he gets off the waste space coming open.

I wish, said I, I've heard about him. It'll be all right. He did a lot for his country before he was sent that disease. I'll take care of him. I want.

The guards saluted and left and the boy walked to the barred space and he could not be missed for white hair. Thanks, Mister I'll do the same for you someday.

Carter led him back to his table without speaking and noticed a crowd of things coming from Jupiter. Then he said, Griffin, this is Zilgra, the scientist from Neptune. The man's just ended and ended. Carter went on. Zilgra has been noted in me. He's performed a miracle for the brain disease you're suffering from. But it's better now, and so he doesn't have to go round. Griffin just's pretty for you with that disease—that people say on your head is wrong, way back into your body. It was I too long before modern evolution you and your life.

Carter said I know that. This was going to be my last trip out, only it's been stopped now. Then I sent me back to Luna.

Carter said I can stop that. I'll get Zilgra to supply the remedy to you and make you. I'll get you a job in my branch of the space police.

Griffin said Why?

Really because you need to be a special man, and cured of that disease you will be sure. For also because for some time we've been pointed, pointed about Mander. You were really Mander once, remember? And you were with him when we found him again. I want to know what happened out there.

Griffin said Of course I don't remember what you're talking about. This disease says the brain leaving no part, only a power. I can't remember anything that happened when we were back.

Carter said But this drug of Zilgra will be good up—and should restore your memory, are you going to try it?

The table looked blank for a time. Then smiled.

Carter said You have a mental diary—the old diary. Everything that happens to us from birth to death is recorded in some obscure corner of the brain. Some people have the power to tap this reservoir and are known as mental marvells. They are few. But under Zilgra's drug you will be able to tap the latent diary in your brain.

Griffin said—Book 2, 1000 CHAPTER 10

Griffin lay stretched full length upon a metal table. Zilgra had just administered a syringe of his drug. Griffin lay quiet and still. But already the people near was beginning to sleep. These Griffin began to murmur meaningless phrases. Words poured from his lips.

Carter leaned forward and said sharply. Remember Griffin. Remember Mander. Remember Mars. Remember Doctor Reliant. Griffin repeated. The fish. The fish. —RELIANT. The Green. Mander. Mander. The.

Carter said loudly. That's right! Now tell me—tell me from the beginning!

Griffin a face twisted in his efforts to remember. There was a time when over the moon. Zilgra kept an alert watch on his patient's pulse and breathing.

And Griffin began to murmur, murmur a strange incantation, which Carter listened to with that look and stretched hands.

It was fifty years ago. I'd had the people disease for some eighty years and I'd been called in Luna for two of them. But I couldn't say out of trouble. The minute I was again related to Earth I started looking round for a likely day going home. I had no money to a rescue I had to risk the future.

It's easy enough to risk the future once you know the layout of the standard ship. And having worked in the space world as a spy there wasn't very much I didn't know. It's easy of course, but you have to take a lot of time to get what you want out these days.

As long as you manage to slide in the front portion of the emergency tube you're all set. It isn't rare in a standard ship that has to use the space tubes, as you've got a thousand to one chance. Of course it's something that goes wrong and the tube is fixed, then you're only destined to blame when you're thrown out into the void at the end of a bit of time and you.

Well, the time I grabbed a ship leaving for Jupiter 68. I called men out with me and as well, gravity built 12 of them. The second the ship reached 68's atmosphere I opened the end of the sealed tube and jumped. I was used to the part of it. I've ridden the tubes for the last hundred years.

Naturally the gravity built, turned to one per cent, and as I came slowly but surely the spaceport. I hung around until dark then slid into the tube of a ship bound for Mars.

I didn't care much where I went, just as long as I kept moving. It was the only way to cope but my fear of the disease I had.

I got chafed on that early enough, and looked across the Lavinia Denney in the town of Zen. I was looking for a little else there where they love the Latin dancing polo-yes, Latin the rest of it. A private room and then a few hours with a woman who really knows how to love. There are I say there in the entire Latin town who produce women as well versed in the art of pleasure as those Zenos dancing girls. You may think I'm a tramp but following with Lavinia Martians (but this doesn't have to have some similarity, and that's the smart way to be selfish).

So I put in the time, and went to the club.

The place was jamming with Green Martians when I got there. They were sitting in the chairs, because the Earth Council had just refused their permission to send students to the Earth Government. Had in fact refused simply to allow any of them to enter the planet. They insisted that:

They couldn't see that if they admitted to Earth their loose sexuality—on her there also his lack of any morals whatsoever—would seriously disrupt the normal relations on Earth. You know how quickly those Green Martians breed, and if any of the women had once disordered prospects, we'd have been down run with half cities in no time. And you know they can't say lower form of life in the System than the product of a union between an Earthman and a Martian woman, or vice versa.

Put up on Mars they didn't see that point, didn't want to see it. They only knew that Earth had taught her these brothers, and now were refusing them permission to attend Earth's scientific centers and universities. How could they progress if they weren't allowed to further their education like the other planets? They were the only civilized race located there Earth!

But though they were annoyed and excited and full of dreams, they didn't make any attempt to attack us. Mainly because there were double reinforcements of space guards in the streets ready for any upstart.

I got to the club, and went inside, and sat drinking Martians' drink, and I was as high as a spool stick. In that state they didn't care where you came from if you had money to pay for the fun. I had a little tucked away in my pocket; I have bought me a night's sleep back on Earth, but with the offered value I bought me a night's unconscious in that state.

I drank myself and entertained two cute chicks with it. I got blind drunk.

They were nice girls, if any Green Martians can be nice in other than a purely sexy way. The one I loved myself had blonde Martia hair, and once I'd pushed away that first I didn't know her face was as green as a cucumber, and only noticed her cute little nose and smiling voluptuous lips.

Later on, well, apparently her name, and I was still too damn drunk to drink, gone again.

That was when I bumped into Maggie.

He was leaning on the bar, waiting out of the girls sleep-dancing, and he wasn't drinking. I think him to be another great head with something on his mind—maybe he was looking for the chicks here in the quarter. You got a whole lot of dope peddlers hanging fire this side and the next supposed to die.

But he came from Earth, so I went over and, up got hanging in my eye and said, "Hello there. Hello, no one drinks?"

He looked me up and down, after he had lost out of surprise.

We were the only two white men in there, and he seemed amazed that someone else from his own planet was around. At last, after he'd looked at me from all sides, he said, "Who're you?"

"Name's me, I mean here."

"You're right. You okay I'll drink. Make us a double drink with us."

I gave the order then, and that the second got I had with me was making a play to him. He wasn't as stupid about either. He was loaded with dough, of all circumstances and planets, and he didn't mind spending money if it was on his face. We made it a hell night, a regular space dog, really.

Later again we went with the girls upstairs. And I guess I should have known better place that, but I was too drunk.

Anywhere where I woke up we were not in the direct sunlight, with heads as heavy as hell, and joints as light.

I felt the biggest sucker of the two because I'd been before in those Martians' clip joints, and knew what happened if you bought yourself too much. But it was done now, we'd both been cleaned up and cleaned and we were as one of the Martians' dance without water in their, and only our space suits to protect us.

It was a very hot sitting there and waiting, or my heady (that) marching back to what the Martians call unconscious.

CHAPTER TWO

Golden still lay wondering at the table in the little room with the typical domestic walls, the recessed lighting. But now to think and myself from side to side, and he had brought the biggest dose of concentrated suffering.

Coming to him the two men were able to realize how terrible had been that forced march across desolation in the worst city. For they knew too well the awful drought of the Martian deserts, the constant shivering to stay the hands of men used knowing that if still held water, and was not one of the dry, deadened ones, got out of use by the rapidly lowering snow caps of the poles.

No. He seemed to take no action in the matter and I did not wish to shame you by telling you so that here comes

That was very thoughtful of you, but if I would have been much better had you told me. Balak has visited us here today. He doesn't know how long you are to stay here, when you plan to leave again?

We have no definite plans. But we will leave as soon as possible if he desires it. I told her

He does not desire it. But from it. He desires you to stay. In fact, HE FORBIDS YOU TO LEAVE THIS PLACE! He informs me he has his guards posted continuously around the house, that you will be captured and informed of any attempt to leave. You are in a trap, and the victor is you. He tells me to thank you, as a reputation is put to you which may only help you.

Which I needed. I don't listen to any proposition, however, stirring Green Martians.

Masley asked her strongest cybernetic, said: "Are you overlooking the fact that you are in the company of one of those Green Martian Masleys?"

Masley answered: "I forgot myself."

You did indeed. One more remark like that and—but you will be more careful in future, (A)

Masley smiled slightly.

Good. Masley's return to Balak—would not tell me what the proposition was, but I had one should give him a hearing. He is the richest man in Goffin, and he can put money into your pockets.

He is also the most powerful man in Goffin, and can tell us whether trouble should be, and we to what he orders? I asked.

He said: "Therefore you will be sure to remain long until such time as he has need of you. That is all."

So we took our feet out of the water, walked across the drying plain, and went back to our own quarters. Masley seemed very thoughtful as we played a hand of My Kennedy, and returned. "What do you imagine this Balak wants with us?"

I don't know. I can't imagine. Unless he wishes to make our cell as spacious as back in Earth, to find out what is happening regarding the Martians.

I won't go if it's that. I suggest Masley fairly. I think of it well. I'll suggest it and have my coffee that late the day.

I said: "Now when I say Masley is put a demand with full 'Special honors' What did you hear do for the System?"

He suggested: "What did the System say to the war?" It was "What I want going to Terra. It's simply that—well I just won't go."

I repeated all that. I said: "My wandering here. If Balak says you will you WILL! Here

you never heard of the hypnotic drug I can shape manifestations? Under the influence of that you'll go all right."

He was very thoughtful after that for the rest of the night. And during the next few days we heard nothing more from Balak. But we knew we were being watched closely.

And then I heard something which alarmed me greatly. I heard it from one of the girls with whom I had made friends, and who seemed to think a great deal of me, upon whom I thought I was.

In a talking hall brightened windows, she told me one night what she had overheard Balak and Masley discussing together.

Balak had been saying: "And you are very sure they are here without suspicion? No one ever knows they are here?" They started away along one of the halls."

"I was sure of that."

"And that our suspicion will be made for them?"

No. Certainly none for the one by the name of Goffin. We used to work against us as a spy for the Galactic Patrol. But some of our co-workers caught him at work, took him out on a small ship and made him a prisoner upon Solara. There he remained the standard danger from the people here."

Then he is useless for my purpose, observed Balak. "I ought to be suspicious. But Goffin may die."

That was all she had heard, but it was still good. I saw the idea now—Balak required our help for some purpose, or at least required Masley's special body. Because I suffered from the people always I must die—probably because they could not allow me to remain after knowing they had taken Masley!

I communicated my love to Masley that same night. He was as thrilled as I, having heard many stories about the Martians and their cold, business ready. And we planned our escape.

We left by the back entrance early one morning, whilst the two Masleys still chased across the drying day. We went unaccompanied, with caution enough to get us back to the where we could rely into the obscurity of the lower quarters there.

But long before we had left the outskirts of the city we began to be followed. Shaking the doors closed and doors, shaking in darkness and being upon our feet. We turned, staring with caution and the risk of being spotted by a late perimeter. And towards the edge of the town we felt sure we had eluded pursuit and were at last on our way to escape.

We stepped across the desert plain. Hugging the coast.

But in the darkness we must have mistaken off our course, for as dawn broke we were able to

and we went back after it, crossing the path of the great canal. We seemed to have wandered off on to a useless tributary in the gloom and excitement, and without all sight of houses, and also out of sight of the Grand Canal which would have marked our route to the

It was an interesting thought!

Almost hardly a week ago we had been told that our work, as danger of passing from there. Now we must have mistaken danger for excitement. For the workmen were to have laid that we might follow them in watching closer, and be dropped in every instant into the white, dry sands there to be blowing into a mass of foam, and later to become a part of those same sands.

However there was no other way but to march, and march we did.

It was nothing when we reached the city. And we were with joy that there was water in the canal running into it, so that there must be life about!

But there were thousands all the people of Marston came there was no life, and there was water going to waste!

We walked slowly and carefully into the city itself.

There was much that was strange about it. For from every sign it had been lived in recently by a great number of people. These people some of them lay sprawled in grotesque attitudes in the streets or slumped up on chairs or bookshelves in these halls or their tables, in their restaurant places.

We had counted half a hundred by the time we reached the centre of the city, and still I failed to realize the explanation. There is some reason for this—the although I had heard of such things, I had never actually seen a city deserted in this way.

The truth did not come to me until we were passing round the main square. And then it came in a strange way.

Suddenly I said: "Great Space Remains—what was that?"

I had seen nothing, so I said: "What?"

He looked at me strangely. He put a hand over his shoulder, hid his face. He said:

"There's—there's something here. My hand won't go any further—something like a jelly."

I stared honestly at his face, and then I knew!

The dreaded Marston plague! The Plague of the Canal!

That explained why the city was so silent and deserted. Why the canal had not been worked off before the place had been deserted. The people—those who had not succumbed just—had had in time, and even playing long enough to bury their dead or to collect their most treasured possessions.

I found it hard to tell Marston what it was that clung to his back. He felt no pain, no was great, but he was worried by his (that is to say) the thing. At length I took him to one of the doctors and we found it was with my feet, and I pushed it to the back.

In some ways he cured it. At last he was feeling, but his continued waiting, he pulled out the least evidence of a blue-jacketed man, the sign of a great invention, bringing to my mind that the doctor had been at the

My head, what a it? he demanded.

The Marston plague! I told him a body. It comes from the water, following the state of the canal. It is a form of life which is almost invisible, and more or less a very of which itself on the back of many of men and women and their fathers into them. From there it simply catches a thin skin along the neckline and the back and

He has blushed, he gasped, I cannot see him. I've heard of it—**THE LATE THE BURNING!**

I smiled. I said: "That is what has happened to the city. Some have succumbed others have fled. A terrible, unending wave of the latest comes with them. For only a few of the doctors can effect a cure, and there is a lack of money of them in Marston. In the mean, anyone who is attacked by the plague is a doomed man."

His eyes almost started from his skull, he clanked at my arm. "Is there nothing?"

"Nothing, unless you can find a scientist."

"But you, the only doctor you are!"

I shook my head. "No. The doctors have perished. They escape only hardly because they were not immediately infected with the plague disease from Marston. They will be able to save the city correctly and will leave me alone."

He sat down abruptly, with the thing still clanking in his back. "What about me, you know?" All but he looked up at me and said:

"How long have I got?"

It is hard to judge. Perhaps only a few hours—perhaps a few days. Certainly no more than four days.

He suddenly laughed bitterly. "First day! I risk my neck a second time. I have never heard of a cure. I come to Marston where I can hope for the most security, and what happens? First day!"

I said: "What do you mean by security? There is no such security. Except for Marston it's the most dangerous place in the whole system."

But he wasn't listening. He was staring in the direction we had come, staring at some tiny specks in the sky. They drew nearer, circling steadily, low to ground. I said: "Marston plague!"

waiting, if the change within a few more days.
You agree?

Marley nodded. "I agree."

No time was wasted. The gathering to remove the bones started from Marley's study, the parlor below. I naturally—I still do—included in them with the two guests who were drinking at Rodick's invitation. Two guests remained freely at the sight of interesting anatomy come from the lab. The wall was closed again, the windows were engaged in the removal of the bones first.

The Marley guests engaged in a game of Noy Marley in one corner while I watched about the room expecting the appointments. It was on this day that I came to the desk and sat down carefully to study books, but actually to put under cover of the book, a list appeal for help. It was hard to be quiet.

In the spare parlor people (Marley, Mary, myself and a friend, Marley, are both present in all the names of the married Marley. It is Rodick's intention to perform an experiment upon Marley, and later to kill her back. I cannot believe that he has any intention of providing her with a live nature of an.

If you receive this send help at once.

God bless. MARY MARLEY

Space Filled Agent."

I added between number and the Space Filled Agent in the hope it would speed them up a little. They were not to know that I had long ago been thrown out of the service because of the human device.

Nothing enough, but the note I took it readily on my hand and made my way towards the rear window. I looked through the one-way glass and into the street and my eyes rested upon my spare guests almost immediately beyond where I now stood. I glanced back at the Marleys. They were both, engaged in their game. I passed the opposite horizon for the window and watched the glass side gradually approach. I stopped at it and such and the side fell and watched it follow down to Mary. One of the guests picked it up with a surprised glance upside down and read and read.

I saw the momentary glow on her brow as she lay it to the companion and back for the small portable microscope which would put her in touch with either of the pairs.

Then I stepped lightly away from the window as the sliding panel opened and there was stepped from the interior of the laboratory. The old doctor, Rodick and Marley.

Marley walked right over to the cabinet with an air of being thoroughly and passed a check for himself. Her hand was the hand for blood, drawn at the edge of the table where a small amount of the blood had not been cleared off.

She looked the last moment for my Rodick and

While operations were a check to me.

Apparently you opened the new Marley. No time left quite in new Marley personally Marley.

For the present, ended the new Marley and there was something about it in the way he walked. There was also something about it in the way Marley, the new Marley, looked at his work. It is intended to work upon it a description to you.

He stopped. It is well that you are all on that side. For you must all the new Marley is accomplished. I am not sure if you are to try any of you. But you are all the intended Doctor. I regret the necessary but I am there.

The Doctor looked on emotion at the end of the Marley, his features remained calm and unbroken. In the manner of the Doctor Marley. He spoke no word of surprise, no words any phrase.

Rodick turned the key upon him. Marley walked away.

The beam shot out, struck the doctor, travelled quickly to the two Marley guests who were still seated at the corner table of the laboratory. All three crumbled in a split second nothing now remained except three minute piles of ash on the floor.

Rodick turned to me. His eyes walked steadily. "As for you two, I trust you must go the same way. I can take no risk of my changed eyes, my being discovered. I would be called from Earth. And although you have been valuable to me Marley, you are no longer to be of service."

Marley answered. "I had expected no less from a man such as you, Rodick."

"Are you not becoming obedient?" eyes looked the man in Marley's body. "I am MARLEY—and you are MARY. The past facts are reversed. Isn't Marley who stands to depend on you. It was you, Rodick, who promised me my life."

If you wish to kill me have done with it, suggested the Doctor Marley. The woman I got my brain at will at my work out of this filthy green system of yours, the better."

The gas was released. Levelled.

And for their behind the panels opened slowly. A gas-like ray that from the panel on the hands of a spare guest, and the new Marley screamed and dropped his own ray.

The spare guests had answered the call for help in time.

.....

And then Rodick's body, in Marley's body knew at last why Marley had watched upon an obedient and broken. Knew why Marley had made no obvious objection to the change of

books. And the reason for the publisher's work upon the matter is this:

The story printed in 1904-5 here by the publisher was a 4 page pamphlet. Masley printed it in the form of the 1,000 word Chapter for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan.

And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan. And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan.

And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan. And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan.

And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan.

And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan. And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan.

And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan. And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan.

And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan. And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan.

And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan. And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan.

And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan.

And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan. And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan.

And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan. And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan.

And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan. And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan.

And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan. And that same pamphlet Masley wrote for the edition of 1905-6. It is of Robert's time and life. I read it here of Japan.

THE END

All alterations to this book are for the sake

of the names of actual persons appear in

in a matter of substance

CHAD says

WOT NO LUCK!



SILLY

SHE HAS THE SECRET

Sent 4d. for the History and a R.A.R. to H. H. Joan The Wid. Joan's Cottage, Lanivet, Cornwall
Thousands say —

In several million homes you may have read extracts from testimonials received from as far back as 1936. We just take them in stride. We couldn't more than Twelve Thousand unedited testimonials and we leave Joan choose remarks that may also meet by Joan never trouble to report to us. Having so many, we can't possibly publish them all, nor can we constantly be changing our advertisements, and we have been obliged to keep 12 sheets irregularly published, but such is the enormous stream being displayed we thought we would depart from our rule as a small venture and just publish 4 or 5 of the huge number that come in during 1947. Thousands, under testimonials have been coming in continuously since 1936.

NEVER WITHOUT MONEY

"I received one of your Histories about three months ago and it has brought me back. Before I married your book, I was always without money, but now, thanks to you, I am never without money! (Mrs) G. D. Doe. 1947."

INCREASE IN WAGES

already after one fortnight we have had back 1 man, 1 son of 28, who have got a 4d per week increase in wages. I suppose, as Joan the Wid. says in our lucky star. "In please send back 4d. please to make the job complete. (Mrs) D. M. Kirkham, Leeds. 1947."

LOST HIS JOAN—LOST HIS LUCK

"Please let me know how much to send for Joan the Wid. and Jack O'Leary. I had them both in 1936, so somewhere less than a hundred two years ago. I can honestly say that since losing them nothing has seemed to go right with me. I know what good luck Joan can bring by letters that I have really enjoyed. I really know that Joan the Wid. is more than a lucky charm. Mr. R. E. S. Lipton, Essex. 1947."

HOMELIFE

LOOKED FOR A HOUSE FOR FOUR YEARS—Got Joan, Got a House, Got a job as well.

Before it is too late, have taken all wonderful changes for the better since the day I received Joan—more than I have dared hope for before. I am being discharged from Service, Oct. 12nd. My family are happy and I couldn't make a job. But now I have offered me a job with a cottage and good wages, one of my longest job, started during. Please note I have been able to leave for just on four years. G. S. Army Post Office, South. 1947."

MARRIED A MILLIONAIRE

Two of my friends have won £500 each since receiving your magazine, and another has married an extremely millionaire. Please forward me one Joan the Wid. and one Jack O'Leary. C. R. Lovell, London. 1947."

BETTER JOB, MORE MONEY, LESS HOUSE, IMPROVED HEALTH

"My dear Joan. She has brought me continual good luck and her influence spreads in every sphere. I have got a much better job, greater wages, less worry and lower, and my health has greatly improved. I have always been a kindly kind of person, but a friend of the opposite sex, she is also kindly great opportunity for friendship offered. So you see how the influence of Joan works. My problems have been less full and I have had many wishes and dreams fulfilled. I would not part with Joan for her weight a pound, she is much too valuable in every way. Her powers extend all over the world, and she never runs out of the full benefit of her friends and admirers. She runs in my pocket day and night and never leaves me. (Mr. L. L. L. 1947."

All you have to do is to send a 4d. stamp and a stamped addressed envelope for the History to

402, JOAN'S COTTAGE, LANIVET, BODMIN

**All characters in this story are fictitious and imaginary
and bear no relation to any living persons.**



Printed at G. J. Morris and Published by
J. H. P. Morris & Co. (London) Ltd.
1 & 2, Waterloo Court, Collyer's Row, London W.C.2.